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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

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Price Ten Cents.



MURDERED ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY OF THE ORANGE MOUNTAINS.—THE DISCOVERY OF MISS PHOEBE PAULLIN'S BODY, AND THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF HER IN EXISTENCE.

[From Special Photograph and Sketches by "Police Gazette" Artists on the Spot.]



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, December 15, 1883.

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AND
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ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertisements, per agate line.....	\$1.50
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THE Rose Ambler mystery has a side partner in the Maybee murder.

SCOVILLE is in luck. His wife has got a divorce at last and changed her name.

BISMARCK is said to hate music, but he nevertheless owns first class catarrh.

DIRT pays. Zola has built himself an \$80,000 house, while Daudet still lives in lodgings.

THERE are 3,000 Americans resident in Paris, and doing their best to forget their native land and language.

If the United States is not enjoying an epidemic of murder just now, we would like to know what it is.

A HARD case: the man of that name who killed his father, by beating his brains out with a chunk of iron ore.

OUIDA is crazy. This is evidently a retribution for the effect her alleged novels have on most of their readers.

WHISTLER has "challenged" Muldoon again. Dislocating shoulderblades evidently pays better than square wrestling.

THE London Times thinks that America is all right. That settles it. When the London Times approves of us we are safe.

NEW YORK actresses are proverbially the best dressed women on or off the stage, but this does not make them ladies by any means.

NEW HAVEN is aspiring to the higher plane of civilization. It owns a society belle who steals from the people who entertain her.

JAY GOULD says he never speculated in Elevated Railroad stocks. Now let the miscreant who accused him of that crime be hanged.

CONSIDERING the amount of wine he has been treated to since he came to America it is no wonder Henry Irving is such a dizzy actor.

A WESTERN paper says Earl Mayo looks like a tramp. As he is an Englishman and a lord what else ought he to look like in America?

RUSSELL SAGE gave a beggar a nickel last week by mistake for a penny, and has been confined to his bed ever since he discovered his error.

ELLEN TERRY has several children, but as they all have fathers she cannot use them for advertisements, and keeps them out of sight.

THE body snatchers are still after Garfield's remains. Can it be that Barnum wants to add them to the attractions of his coming season?

IT cost Russia \$15,000,000 to crown the czar. At that rate it won't pay the Nihilists to blow up more than one or two of their rulers in a century.

THERE is a clergyman in Tennessee who is known as the "satisfying preacher." He never preaches longer than fifteen minutes by the clock.

DR. TANNER is living at Chataqua, and the amount of food he gets away with in private life is said to break his boarding house keeper's heart.

VON MOLTKE has lost his memory and had to retire to private life, and the French are wondering why this couldn't have happened to him 25 years ago.

QUEEN VICTORIA is real mad because some one has published the prince consort's letters. She wanted to make a book and money out of them herself.

IF the weather of Evacuation Day, 1783, was half as bad as it was on the centennial of that event, it is no wonder the British wanted to get away from here.

A TEXAS outlaw had a quarrel with a friend and killed him by chewing his windpipe to pieces. He evidently possessed a devouring affection for him.

MARY ANDERSON spends most of her time in the British Museum, and it is rumored that she has fallen in love with a statue there. The statue is said to be a Greek one and to resemble herself.

MRS. LANGTRY's agent states that that lady simply "played" Freddy Gebhardt to advertise herself. No one with as much brain as a flea needed this explanation to make that fact plain to him.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what right a "nigger" like Fred Douglass has to hold an office. If our correspondent had a small percentage of the brains of the "nigger" in question, he wouldn't need to ask us such a question.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES can't make his name good to as heavy a check as Jay Gould, but his autograph is worth more to people who admire honesty and brains, as the house full of presents he has received in exchange for his autograph attests.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY got back from Europe too late to be interviewed in regard to her reminiscences of New York on Evacuation Day, a century ago, but she says she will have her little speech in the papers in 1883, if she has to write it herself in advance.

DOWN in Virginia they punish the marriage of white and black by sending both parties to jail. Isn't it about time the voice of civilization informed Virginia that it is not a crime for people to fall in love, and not a virtue for men to kill one another on the field of honor?

CONSUMPTIVES are cured in France by visiting the wine presses and inhaling the fumes of the fermenting juice. Sometimes, at first, they become intoxicated and are borne away senseless. If that treatment was introduced into America consumption would be the most popular disease on the continent.

IN 1832 P. T. Barnum was shut up in jail in Connecticut, having been convicted of publishing a libel on Deacon Seth Seely. It would have been money in the pockets of the people of the United States if the Connecticut authorities had hung on to Mr. Barnum when they had him, but it would have been rough on his fellow convicts.

A PITTSBURG iron king who has made millions out of this country, without his being a citizen, is about to go home to Scotland, and settle there, and the papers are making a great to do about it. Considering that the iron king spent many millions in making his few, and that hundreds of other fortunes have been made through his, we fail to see why he should not enjoy his earnings where and how he chooses. Let the papers pay their respects to the Americans whose own country is not good enough for them to spend the money they bleed it out of in, and they will be flushing fairer game.

AN Italian ragpicker has stabbed a brother nobleman in the same line for seven cents. For a dime he would probably have slaughtered his whole family.

THE Long Island and Connecticut detectives ought to turn murderers. They would be far more successful at killing people than they are at finding the killers.

FROM the way in which the kings and queens are visiting and making friends with one another, it is safe to anticipate a bang-up European war before long.

THERE is a club in this city which calls itself "The Stiffs." It justifies its corporate appellation at every meeting unless the funds and credit at the bar run out.

To judge from the new orders on the elevated roads those roads have not been built to accommodate the public, but the public has been made to suit their pleasure.

JAY GOULD is being sued for the damage his yacht did to a tugboat, and is said to be so mad that he is likely to organize a company to take possession of New York bay.

A YOUNG lady wants to know if it is wrong to shake a beau, when you are tired of him. Certainly not, but don't shake him till he has stopped making you presents.

AN Erie railroad excursion ticket was found in the pockets of a man whose body was taken from the North River, and it is suspected that the prospect of a trip over the road killed him.

THE Essex County Hunt has ended its meets for the season, and such of the members as are not already crippled for life will have a chance to get patched up for further damages next year.

ANOTHER of the Singer family is insane. The taint of bad blood is bound to assert itself sooner or later, and that of old Singer was so bad that it is a wonder it did not assert itself long ago.

CATHERINE WELLMAN undertook to buck against a railroad train up in Harlem. She was about the sickest woman in New York before the train got by, and the coroner took her in hand.

A TENNESSEE schoolmarm has been detected conducting amours with several of her pupils. She doubtless desired to give them practical knowledge of the verb to love and its accessories.

MAHONE has issued an address to the readjuster party in Virginia, in which he attempts to explain the reasons of his defeat. The principal reason appears to have been that the estimate of the amount of ballot box stuffing necessary to carry the election was too modest, and that even the people of Virginia couldn't swallow any more of Mahone.

THE operatic war keeps up, but neither of our rival managers has cut the other's throat yet. It is gratifying to know that Humbug Mapleson is likely to find his level in the gutter of bankruptcy at last. He is the windiest and most offensive pretender who ever came into our amusement world, and no one but his creditors will regret his downfall.

IT looks as if the gambling on the ocean steamers, which has for years been notorious for its extent and crookedness, would receive a set back. It is none too soon. There is a class of skin gamblers who actually make a living off the ocean steamers, and as the companies have made no efforts to terminate their degradations the law should.

THERE has been a row in Shirt Tail Tabor's new family. Mrs. T., No. 2, it seems, wanted several thousand dollars' worth of portraits of herself painted, and Tabor kicked. That shows the lowness of his mind. It is the duty of every rich man to encourage the fine art of painting as well as that of swindling mining shareholders, buying a seat in Congress, and shaking the wife he is tired of by due course of law.

THE captain of the Northern Light is in jail for torturing his third mate. It is a pity his cell cannot be made as uncomfortable for him as he made the black hole on his ship uncomfortable for his victim. There are only too many such miscreants as Skipper Slocum afloat, and the laws for their government and punishment are entirely too inadequate and too laxly applied. A captain on board his own ship is a little king, and rules his crew with autocratic sway. This is necessary for the preservation of discipline, but it may be carried too far, and when it is the autocrat deserves to be held responsible for his misdeeds.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit Culled from Many Sources.

A SWEET thing in bric-a-brac.—An Egyptian molasses jug.

"WHY are you so distant?" said a tramp to a beefsteak in the restaurant window.

A NEW style of writing paper is called "Dude." We infer that it is a kind of foolscap.

THE generous give according to their means, others give according to their meanness.

AIDED by its 400 physicians, Cincinnati is enabled to boast of one of the finest cemeteries in the world.

WHO wrote Shakespeare? queries a contemporary. Probably some fellow who wanted William's autograph.

PERSONAL.—John, come back, all is forgiven. Pa kicked the wrong man. He did not know it was you. Stella.

A FRENCH author says: "When I lost my wife every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good."

PROFESSOR in chemistry—"The substance you see in this vial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man."

A CERTAIN rich man says of his wealth—"This is often what I have often sighed for, even for, sometimes lied for, and nearly died for. What should I let it slide for?"

A WIT driving in the country one day observed a notice beside a fence, "Beware of the dog!" There not being any signs of a dog, the wit wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog!"

IT was a lady from the Emerald Isle who said: "Shure, an' me son Pat has been lyin' flat on his back wid the fever these four weeks, as silent as a smoke, yellin', 'Water! water!' all the time."

"WHAT is the infinity of silence?" asked a philosopher of a married man. "I don't know, but I should think it would be what a man had to say to his wife, when she caught him trying to kiss the hired girl."

BECAUSE a Mormon speaker referred to his "forefathers" the wicked Salt Lake Tribune rises up to call him to order by remarking, "The man evidently means his four mothers." The point is well taken.

"No," said the poet, "my poem wasn't much of a success. The critics rather sat down on it. But in view of the fact that the printer got the words 'golden night,' 'gutter snipe,' I don't quite feel that the piece had a fair chance."

A YOUNG lady writes to the POLICE GAZETTE asking how she can get rid of her beau. Did she ever try dropping a red-hot file down the back of his neck? This will frequently discourage a young man when other means have failed.

MADAME, who is one of great embonpoint, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress for that character?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot" was the reply.

A SOUTHERN editor has no one but colored men in his mailing department. The other day he had the inside of his office photographed, and now is driven almost wild by rival sheets which are calling attention to the black mailing department.

GREENLAND has no cats. Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long. A scientist says that cats born 7,000 feet above the sea are deaf. The altitude at which they are born dumb is what the people would generally like to know.

"JOHNNY," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."

IT was very crowded on the elevated cars, about 6 o'clock last evening, when three or four bright girls came bouncing on the platform of a car already quite full. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed one, "I don't want to be mashed!" "Nor I!" shouted the others. And so, taking the hint, all the "mashers" stood aside.

THE girls of Hamburg, Germany, speaking of a young man whom they like, say, "He is a nice human being;" the girls of Berlin, "He is a fine man;" the beauties of Dresden, "He is a good little animal;" the ladies of Vienna, "He is a dear fool;" the Boston lasses, "He is a brick;" and the girls of Cambridge, "He is fit for the annex."

"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. "Two weeks," replied the happy man. "Front!" cried the clerk; "show the gentleman to parlor B. Fifteen dollars a day, sir." "Third wife," calmly said the guest. "Oh, excuse me, Front, show the gentleman to 824, back. Take the elevator. Four dollars a week, sir."

"No, I am not honest," says Scribbins; "but I am dishonest from the best of motives. Suppose a man pays me \$40 instead of \$30, and it's a mistake he might never discover. If I give him back the \$10 he will say to himself: 'There is an honest person. The world is not so bad, after all.' This will give him confidence in mankind, and the next man he deals with may cheat him out of his eyes. No, sir, I don't want to give any man confidence; it might wreck his whole fortune. I don't want my fellow beings cheated, and I must continue to do nothing that will put them off their guard."

THE editors of Stockton, Cal., are having it on the gambling question. The Mail says of the editor of its contemporary: "A man who would whipsaw an ace and attempt to call the turn by putting (as we have often seen him) \$4 (his week's salary) on a card that was as dead as Thompson's colt, is hardly the person to discuss this great question intelligently." To this unkempt cut the Herald says: "A man who would let his money (borrowed from us) lay on the Jack until said jack has passed to the silent majority, and a drunken check-guerrilla appropriating the swag, while the player, with his eye on another man's bet, fondly supposes he was coppering the queen, enters this important argument considerably handicapped."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Old Fakirs Hashing Up Stale Attractions.

The Ancient and Fishlike Banquet Prepared for the Modern Theatre-Goers by Snide Managers.

It isn't generally known that the assistant treasurer of Wallack's theatre, a prodigally generous little fellow, named Tom or Tommy Bardon, is worth \$50,000. It goes without saying that little Tommy did not make his fortune in theatricals.

JACK HAVERLY has gone into partnership with Billy Birch, and the show is hereafter to be known as Haverly and Birch's minstrels. Birch has had about thirty partners in his time, and they all agree—or did while they were alive—in pronouncing him the most recklessly generous and liberal creature that ever drew the breath of life. They declare that when he hasn't anything to present to them he always gives himself away.

SOMEBODY has started the report that the inexpressibly gallant "Col." Bill Sinn, of Brooklyn, intends shortly to imitate the example of his brother-in-law, Len Grover, and go upon the stage. Bill is to be the leading support, so they say, of Cora Tanner, and Len Grover is to write the play for them. It will be an immense speculation, for there are few finer looking men in the business than Bill, especially when he has got his false teeth in and his mustache newly dyed. Under such circumstances, Bill is simply irresistible.

SAMMY of the Entrails thinks Irving the greatest actor that ever taught the benighted public of this country what the dramatic art really amounts to. Sammy used to be an usher in Laura Keene's theatre, and therefore knows what he is talking about, just as his previous acquaintance with Lydia Thompson justified him in declaring that with her sole exception he has never seen such an artist as Fanny Davenport. Fanny, by the way, in consequence of the great success of "Fedora" has abandoned her intention to play Falstaff for the current season. She will probably have a fly at next year.

POOR old Len Grover, who might have been President of the United States if he had let theatres and opera houses alone, is slowly playing his way West along the line of the Pacific railroad. He has welded "Our Boarding House," "Lisbet," "My Son-in-Law" and "Cad, the Tomboy" into one grand combination play. With his usual ingenuity and talent in adapting himself to circumstances, Grover has cut down the cast of this combination play to five speaking characters. Miss Ida May plays one, young Len plays one, young Will plays one and the Gov'r plays the other two. The way he doubles up *Gillyp'd, Shouter* and *Colonel Elevator*, in the "Boarding House" scene, is said to be simply inimitable.

OLD Slime has got the gout fearfully and the tumult round his theatre in consequence, is said by his gifted son-in-law, the bill writer, to be "absolutely pandemonical." His physicians ascribe it to the habit into which Old Slime fell, when running his downtown eating house, of tasting everything that was cooked to order. The combination of so many fearful ingredients in his system has completely shattered it. The low state of his health and spirits is best indicated by the fact that he has reduced his dietary and only eats thirteen pounds of solid food in the twenty-four hours. His temper is fearful beyond all description; the language he uses in moments of exasperation amounting to actual diabolism.

NILSSON has been spending a couple of days in Brooklyn, and some queer scandals come over the river. None of them, however, equal in sensational explicitness that told by Mrs. Behrens, wife of the basso, who was the Swedish Sappho's companion—in all that the word implies—as long as she could stand her excessive caresses and attentions. For Nilsson is too kind to her lady friends, overwhelming them with demonstrations of regard to which they are not accustomed and do not understand, and consequently recoil from in alarm. By the way, among the archives of the Swedish Sappho, framed and glazed, with wonderful cynicism, is the original certificate of Rouzeaud's death and its cause, signed by the surgeon-in-chief of Charenton, the French Bloomingdale, in which that too happy stockbroker died.

WAY down in St. Louis they have succeeded in running to earth the fearful and wonderful genius who has made up his mind to "star" Dick Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance." His name is alleged to be Allan Hamilton, and incredible as it must appear, so far as can be discovered, he has never as yet been an inmate of a lunatic asylum or of a house for the feeble minded. The dime museum people, who were at one time considering the expediency of offering Mansfield a steady engagement to exhibit the wondrous elasticity of his head, as shown in the ease with which it either swells up or collapses, have made up their minds to negotiate with his manager, Hamilton, as a still greater and rarer curiosity. The fact that Dick has a little property of his own will no doubt enable him to come in by train instead of on foot, as would inevitably be the case if he were not "fixed."

THE Kiralfys gave a cheap supper the other night to a few of their company and some newspaper men. The only remarkable features of the frugal entertainment were the clever way in which Martinelli made three sandwiches and one napkin do for eight people and the voracity of a fellow named Reeves, who is said to be the greatest eater on the American continent. The Kiralfys were much opposed to inviting Reeves, Imre having seen him eat for lunch almost as much as would make a supper for Old Slime. But in common decency Reeves had to be asked, and people who were there and have recovered from the spectacle, unite in declaring it the most wonderful thing they ever saw in their lives. He is a white, waxy looking chap, usually, but when the Kiralfys' "banquet" was over he is said to have been purple in complexion, and had to have his vest slit up the back. This is all the more wonderful when one stops to think how hard one has to work to get anything at all to eat at a Kiralfy "banquet"—let alone a Kiralfy "banquet" complicated by the fact that it is served up by Martinelli.

DYING Boucicault after a crushing two weeks in Chicago is slowly limping back to New York. Harry Sargent, who is in advance of him, has got as far as Fort Wayne, and reports the walking dangerous in consequence of the number of freight trains running "wild" at this season of the year. He earnestly recommends homeward bound combinations to keep between the two tracks, although the walking may be a little more arduous than the more popular method of stepping from tie to tie. Sargent's enormous experience justifies him in demanding careful attention to his warnings. Boucicault, by the way, is responsible for an international outrage, compared with which the importation of Chinese coolies is an act of patriotism. He is bringing over here all the society amateurs who have gone on the London stage and been driven off it again by the hostility of the critics and the indignation of the public. Boucicault, of course, gets these "artists" for nothing. But the American people surely have rights which even Boucicault is bound to respect.

JACK HAVERLY seems to be coming to the fore again. His recent schemes have actually turned out successful, and he is gradually reappearing as a local manager. The minstrels turn him in lots of money, he has got rid not only of his old losing theatres, but, as well, of the mob of parasites who used to hang around him. In ten years Haverly will, in all probability, be better off than ever he was. It is amusing to see how the mean andlickspittle fellows who had no language severe enough for their denunciation of him when they thought he was finally done for, are gradually thawing out to welcome his return to life and prosperity. Some of the "old guard" have recommended "striking" him already, and are loud in their protestations that they always knew Jack would come out of the mill all right. Jack, however, is not as promiscuously liberal this time as he was before, and the "sucker" brigade will soon drop him as an exhausted and played out "angel."

THE loathing and contempt which prosperous and successful actors have for the tramps, vagrants and common nuisances who constitute the great bulk of the "profession," have been illustrated anew by Ed. Harrigan, who at a recent meeting of the Actors' Fund trustees, insisted that needy actors should receive from the Fund tickets for bread, coal, meat and lodging—just like any other tramps and vagrants. How inexpressibly dull it is to read that the "profession" is at last recognized as a "social element," in these days when the kindest and most sympathetic treatment one actor can devise for another in distress is the exact system of the poorhouse. Harrigan, however, is quite right. Let every actor when he begs, be treated as a vagrant, and let a pound be established in every city, in which these wandering nuisances may be chained by the leg, and earn a meal of porridge by breaking a certain quantity of stone, or sawing so many cords of wood. That is the sort of charity our Frohmanns and the like would delight in bestowing upon the "profession."

THE row between Charles Coghlan and John Stetson has reached the implacable stage. Neither speaks to the other, and both lose no opportunity to air their grievances. Coghlan wonders, day after day, in the Lamb's club, how he could ever sink so low as to accept an engagement at the hands of such a person as John Stetson, while John Stetson loudly swears, in the Brunswick, with all the elegance of expression for which he is so deservedly famous, that he must have been crazy when he imported Charles Coghlan. By a curious process of reasoning Stetson ascribes all his continuous and unintermitting reverses to Coghlan's presence in his company, calling the distinguished brother of Mr. Wallack's hilarious leading lady "a bloody Jonah." There is no earthly chance of settling the trouble between these two great men outside of a law court, and Coghlan already announces that he will shortly begin suit against Stetson to compel the payment of his salary, Stetson withholding his money on the ground that he doesn't play, and therefore doesn't earn it.

THE Herald, malignantly bent on "guying" Irving, pretended last week to interview a lot of theatrical people on Irving's performance at his professional matinee. Every mother's son of them, feeling that he had unexpectedly received three dollars' worth of something for nothing, declared that Irving was by long odds the greatest actor in the world. But the climax of the joke was reached when Dan Frohman and little Walter Sinn were invited by the "main guy" of the Herald, to give vent to their criticisms.

Dan Frohman (who solemnly believes that Louis the XI. was the immediate predecessor of Henry IX. on the throne of Scotland), pronounced it "a transcript from history" (whatever that may mean in English), while little Walter Sinn says: "Speaking for myself and Colonel Sinn, I regard it as a wonderful performance." John Matthews also regards it as a colossal feat; Tom Morris, who is on the road, writes in agony to complain that he missed the free show, and Wayne Ellis was so refreshed that he at once composed a brand new comic opera, by which in three weeks, at least nine American managers will have been reduced to abject despair.

DAVE BELASCO, the monster of pretension, whom the Sheeney clique for the promotion of Bridget Cavanagh, alias Georgia Cayvan, are trying to "boom" as heartily as they do that gifted daughter of a Boston rum-seller, has been fearfully shown up by his late partner, James Herne. Herne says, over his own signature, that Belasco did not write one line of "Hearts of Oak," that, on the contrary, Belasco tried to sell it to him, Herne, a copy of an old English play, "The Mariner's Compass," as an original drama entitled "Hearts of Oak!" That Belasco never wrote an "original play" in his life, and that he is, in short, the greatest fraud and imposter that ever disgraced even the theatrical business. All these things Herne says of Belasco over his own signature, and if Belasco does not call him to account before the law we shall be justified in regarding the latest *prologue* of the Frohman gang as the champion liar and humbug of a "profession" almost entirely composed of liars and humbugs. An honest man, denounced as Herne, denounces and "gives away" Belasco, would certainly begin proceeding at once against his defamer. Perhaps David is waiting until his "Strangers of Paris" turns him in cash enough to enable him to defend his reputation as "an original dramatist."

IT is reported in musical circles that when the preposterous ass and most amazing tenorino, Johnny Chatterton, of Mobile, alias Signor Perugini, appeared as Faust at the Academy a couple of weeks ago, a deputation of subscribers called upon Colonel Mapleson and notified him that they could not afford to let him east ridicule upon the Academy of Music, by allowing such performances as that of Chatterton,

Mapleson was only too glad to get an excuse to bounce the tenorino—that delightful idiot wishing, as he did, on being regarded as the first tenor of Her Majesty's Italian Opera company. So Johnny has gone back part of the way to his proper place in musical society. He will shortly become the Beggar Student of McCaul's company. Perhaps, in the course of a year or two, he will have succeeded in carrying his goods to the market where they will be most heartily appreciated—say Theels' garden or the Felsenkeller on avenue A and Fifty-seventh street, where they put up with the most execrable singing for the sake of the smarmase and lager you can get there. Johnny's Faust, it is true, would have to be heavily coated with smarmase to make it go down even in the Felsenkeller, but the German element is proverbially good natured and would, no doubt, bestow a reasonable amount of pennies in his hat on a fine afternoon.

LITTLE BOBTAIL MORRIS is seriously considering an offer from the Frohmans to go over to their service openly and take a desk in their office instead of working the present *Telegram* racket for them. The constant ringing up of the *Telegram* telephone by this, that or the other Frohman with an order to Bob to put some puff or another in his column, is a serious nuisance to the inmates of the editorial room. They very justly complain that they have no chance to do their work on account of the Frohman interruptions. George Shaw, managing editor of the *Telegram*, is the principal "kicker" because he is constantly aroused by such cries as:

"Hello! Is that you, Bob? Announce I'm back, sir." Or:

"Hello! Morris! State to-day that I'm just going to leave town. Charley."

Poor Bob himself is prevented from carrying out his contract with Alvin Joslyn General Paresis Davis, so exacting are the Frohmans, and so much room does their "gangs" take up. Bob will get at least \$35 from the Frohmans, and will earn every cent of it—especially if he has to puff Bridget Cavanagh, alias Georgia Cayvan, and that other protege of the Frohman crowd, "Mariner's Compass" Belasco, better known as "Heart of Steal Dave."

THEODORE MOSS' second daughter has just been married to a young gentleman, Flynn by name, and the event has been duly chronicled in all the "society" columns of all the "society" newspapers. What a wonderful aristocratizing influence a little money has, to be sure. Not so many years ago Theodore Moss was an usher and umbrella and opera glass lender in the employ of the elder Wallack. If he had had any daughters and they had been married in those days, precious little attention would the society reporters have bestowed on the affair. But Theodore has made money, is one of the principal proprietors of Jerome Park, owns the new Wallack's theatre and takes the greatest care to mingle with none but the swell of the swell—and that is why "society," with an eye on his dollars, has taken him up. Moss isn't half a bad sort of fellow, though in religious matters he seems to be a trifle mixed. When his eldest daughter married Arthur Wallack, to whom Theodore always alludes as "the afternoon shadow of Lester Wallack," the service was performed according to the Episcopal rite.

"I always worship," said Theodore once, "in the same church as my fathers did," alluding to a certain Presbyterian convention on Lafayette place.

"His fathers," said Freddie Swab, on being told of Theodore's remark, "always worshipped in an establishment where the men kept their hats on during service."

The second daughter, however, married young Flynn in St. Patrick's cathedral—so that there are several brands of religion in the Moss family. Charley Moss, who never gets invited to any of those ceremonials, says that if Theodore had the usual consistency of his race, the matrimonial knots of his household would be tied by rabbis. Theodore's redeeming point, by the way, is his bitter contempt for actors. He says he employs them very much as contracting firms employ the labor of convicts in State prison—despising them unspeakably, but using their services. And he treats them accordingly, and that is why none of the breed ever has a kind word for Theodore Moss.

STEALING A HUMAN HEAD.

The head of John Anderson, the convict murderer by Mike Mooney, has been stolen from the office of Dr. M. B. Campbell, the prison physician, at Joliet, Ill. It appears that after the head had been produced in court during the trial, and after it had been inspected by the jury who convicted Mooney of the murder, it was dissected by Campbell and the skull deposited in a pan, which was placed in a cellar under the doctor's office. Nothing further was thought of the matter until Judge Stippe had granted a new trial to Mooney. Then the prosecution began looking up their evidence and preparing their case for a new trial. The pall was found in the cellar, but it was empty. The skull of Anderson was an important factor in the conviction of the murderer, as it demonstrated clearly the course of the knife through the head. It will be a difficult matter to convict Mooney if the skull is not found.

SHOT BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

A few days ago a murder occurred in the vicinity of Bald Mountain, N. M., on a sheep ranch. The tragedy was enacted by Eugenio Rascon, and his victim was a lad named Demas Garcia. Rascon was jealous of Garcia, and meeting him he asked: "What have you been saying to my wife?" On receiving the answer, "I have been saying nothing," he fired two shots, one entering the breast near the sternum and the other entering the back near the shoulderblade and ranged downward, passing through the heart, coming out near the nipple. Justice of the Peace Jesse Valdez and Bernardo Salazar have since the murder been scouring the country for the murderer, but up to the present writing his whereabouts are not positively known.

AN UNPROVOKED MURDER.

Owen F. Plunkett, a cigarmaker, employed in his brother's factory, at No. 22 Bowery, New York city, was shot dead on Nov. 24, by a dissolute fellow named John Scullen. Scullen worked at the bench near the murdered man on the top floor of the building. Between the two was another workman. Without any known cause Scullen drew a revolver and fired at the other workman. The ball missed its mark, when Scullen re-cocked the weapon and fired at Plunkett, who fell dead. Scullen was arrested. Scullen is aged 53, and half-witted. He is a widower. The murdered man was foreman in the factory. Scullen says he bought the revolver to shoot himself, and a sudden fit came on him to kill somebody, when he shot Plunkett.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He has an Interesting and Improving Interview with a Philadelphia Kleptomaniac.

As the Religious Editor sat in his chair smoking his extra dry Henry Clay, and regarding with languid interest the plans of the asylum which Richard K. Fox is thinking of building for clergymen with shattered reputations, his eye fell upon a paragraph in a Philadelphia newspaper, which lay at his elbow. It was headed, "Another Ministerial Kleptomaniac," and related the adventures of the Rev. E. F. Hardress, D. D., who was accused of stealing valuable books from every library to which he could gain admission, for the purpose of selling them again.

The heart of the Religious Editor thrilled with a sense of compassion as he read the item, and mentally made a note of the name of the Reverend Hardress, D. D., as a possible candidate for the reformatory institution which Mr. Fox's generosity is about to bestow upon the clerical profession.

He had hardly resumed his inspection of the plans and his all but exhausted cigar, when the page, with diamond buttons, whose sole function it is to wait upon the Religious Department of the POLICE GAZETTE, entered with a card on the official gold salver of the institution.

It read, incredible as it may appear, as follows:

REV. E. F. HARDRESS, D. D.

This was a dramatic surprise, with a vengeance, and the Religious Editor, used to a good many of them as he is, was considerably taken aback.

Hastily locking up the magnificent rosewood library in which the unequalled collection of canonical and ecclesiastical authorities used by him is contained, and concealing under his desk the superb copy of St. Augustine, which is the handbook of the entire staff the Religious Editor gave orders for the admission of the reverend kleptomaniac.

In response thereto entered the sumptuous apartment of a genial, portly gentleman in a black broadcloth suit evidently fresh from the tailor's, a shirt collar of the most dazzling purity, a hat with a wide, almost Episcopal brim, and a smile of such engaging sweetness that there was no resisting it.

"Have I the long postponed pleasure," said this agreeable person, "of meeting for the first time the gifted and exemplary gentleman who conducts the Religious Department of Mr. Richard K. Fox's altogether unparalleled and faultless POLICE GAZETTE?"

"You have, sir," replied the Religious Editor, with a conscious blush.

"I can hardly believe that a gentleman so young and so handsome should have sufficiently retired from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world to have taken up, in so masterly and convincing a manner, the championship of virtue and religion and the Church," was the next remark of the Reverend Hardress, D. D.

"To what," inquired the Religious Editor, after recovering from the prostrating consequences of the compliment, "am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

The Reverend Hardress, D. D., smiled, shook out his cuffs, rolled up his sleeves, went through the motion of swallowing, uttered a little cough, and spoke.

"It may be a fact not at present known to you that through the extraordinary malice and misrepresentation of certain newspapers published in Philadelphia, my name has been associated—I may say—actually connected with a charge of theft."

The Religious Editor said "Indeed" with an affection of indifference that would have done credit to an actor.

"Yes," pursued the Rev. Hardress, D. D., "the ribald press of Philadelphia accused me of stealing certain books from libraries, and it is my desire that the statement should be corrected in the POLICE GAZETTE, which is read by every clergyman in the country."

"Then you deny taking the books?"

"No, I don't deny taking them. I deny stealing them."

"Did you sell them again?"

"I did, as matter of course, and devoted the proceeds to the Fund for the Support of the South Western Society for the Propagation of Christianity among the Seneca Indians."

This response was made with actual pride.

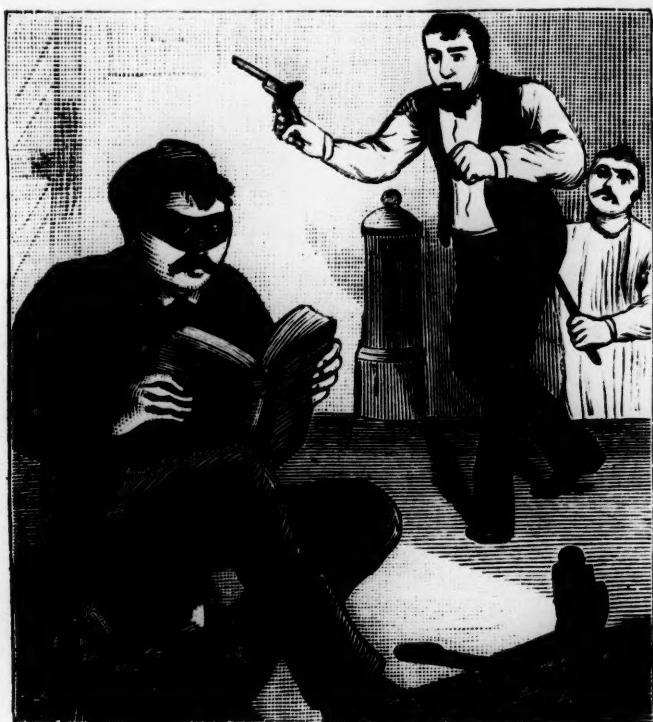
"But how can you reconcile it with Christianity and your clerical character to take books that didn't belong to you and were the property of a library?"

"That's just it. Those books had no business in the library. They were novels and smutty story books, and others of the same sort which had no right to be there. The Society of Clerical Kleptomaniacs, to which I belong, insists that we are morally justified in purging all public and private libraries of such works. In carrying out our high and noble principles we occasionally get misunderstood and disgraced. But I am not going to rest under a cloud, on which account I prefer to leave my vindication to the POLICE GAZETTE, merely adding that if anybody wants to present me with a service of plate or a gold watch for my services to Religion, he can forward it to me, care of this office."

If anybody really should feel like testifying thus generously to his regard for Mr. Hardress and his mission, let him send it along.

SHOT BY HER REJECTED LOVER.

Patrick O'Hara was arrested in Paterson, N. J., on the evening of the 23d ult., for shooting Ellen Fullalove. He had courted her, but she had rejected his suit and married Richard Fullalove, aged 65. Fullalove became jealous and thrashed his wife, for which he was arrested. He then had her arrested for adultery. Both were released on security. That morning the woman was met by O'Hara, who persuaded her and another woman to walk about with him. Her companion was on the point of leaving them



A LITERARY BURGLAR.

HOW A HOUSEBREAKER'S LOVE OF LITERATURE LED TO HIS ARREST.

Betrayed by Their Son.

It was a very lucky accident which led to the arrest of William Rickert, alias William Sheeney, aged 9 years, who was locked up at the Chestnut Street station, Saturday afternoon, the 19th ult. Counterfeit money to the amount of \$3 was found at a butcher shop where he has traded, and when asked how he had become possessed of the money, he said it had been given him

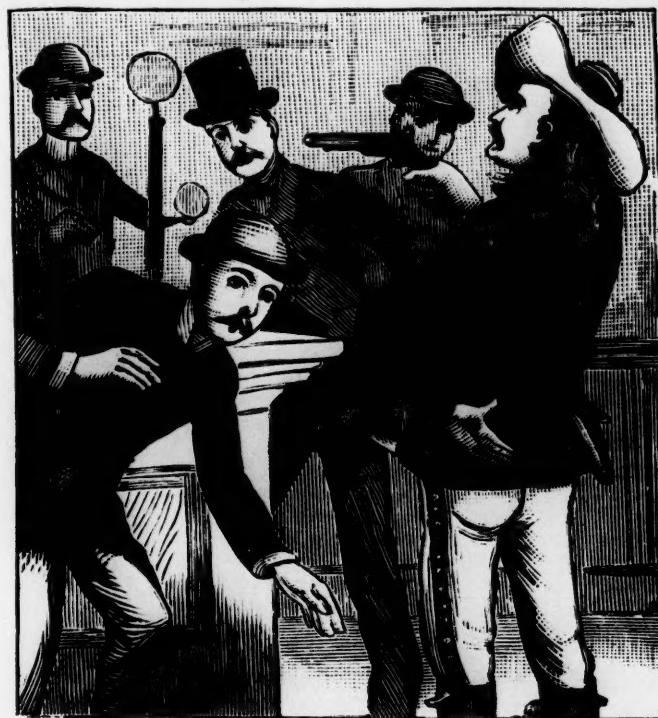
been watching the boy, and that in her turn the woman had been watched by the husband.

The next morning the man, woman, baby and boy were placed in the holdover, and an attempt made to get something out of them without success, until at last the latter gave information as to the residence of the family.



THE REV. W. J. MORET,

WANTED AT STARKE, FLA., FOR WIFE POISONING,
OBSCENE BLACKMAIL AND FRAUD.



"MOVE AWAY, BOYS."

HOW A WESTERN COWBOY GOT A LIGHT IN A NEW YORK SALOON.

resembled gold were found, and also a piece of the metal out of which the counterfeit \$1 pieces were made, which looked as though it had been used for that purpose, but the moulding proving a failure, it had been thrown aside.

The names of the counterfeiters are Anton Rickert, Mrs. Mary Rickert and Willie Rickert. They seem to have carried on operations for some months past. They have been held for trial.



STIRRING UP A MENAGERIE.

A THIEF, WHO ATTEMPTED TO BREAK INTO A SALOON ON HOUSTON STREET, IS CHASED AND CAPTURED BY THE PROPRIETOR AND HIS PET ANIMALS.

by his parents, who had sent him out to make purchases. Later his mother, with a baby in her arms, inquired at the station if a boy answering his description had been arrested, and she was also taken into custody and locked up. Not long after that the father put in an appearance, and asked if the boy, woman and baby were there. The remarkable coincidence that both the woman and man should come to the station upon such an errand of inquiry could not fail to strike the officers, and the man was promptly corralled. It was very evident that the woman had

sisting of \$1 pieces. In the southeast corner of the basement a handkerchief was unearthed, in which was wrapped \$50 in sound silver coin, consisting of 50, 25, and 10-cent pieces, only one \$1 piece being among them.

This was not all, however, that the cellar contained. By digging deep into the floor of the basement a small crucible, such as is used to melt metals in, was found, and in addition, a kettle, spoons and a small bellows, with which to quicken a fire, were unearthed. Some chunks of lead, zinc, and a metal that

Found Both His Parents Murdered.

Hillsman King and his wife, an old and respected couple, residing near Hickman, Ky., were on Nov. 16 found to have been murdered. Their son visited the house in the morning, and found the dead body of his mother lying in a mass of clotted blood in one of the rooms. In the barn he found his father's body, which was covered with shucks, and partly eaten by rats. The house was robbed of \$2,000. A German pedler is suspected.



ANTON RICKERT,

HEAD OF THE FAMILY OF COUNTERFEITERS RECENTLY ARRESTED IN ST. LOUIS.



MARY RICKERT,

WIFE OF THE ST. LOUIS COUNTERFEITER WHOSE OPERATIONS HAVE JUST ENDED.



WILLIE RICKET,

THE NINE-YEAR-OLD YOUTH WHO BETRAYED HIS PARENTS' DOINGS TO THE POLICE.



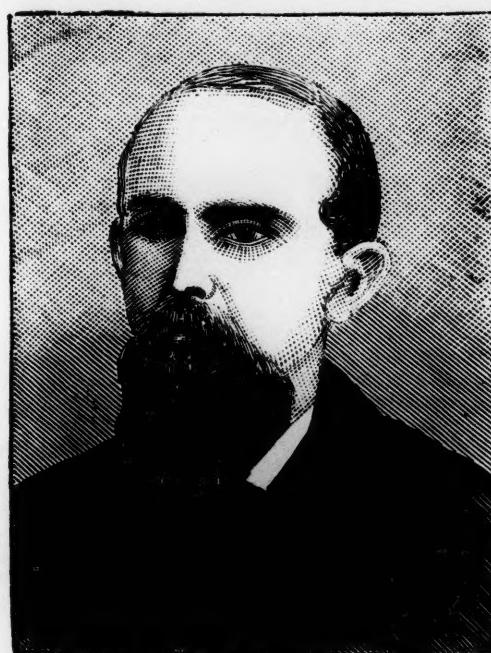
DENNIS KELLER,

THE "TOUGH" WHO MURDERED JOHN CLAIR, A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN OF LUZERNE, PA.



SADIE E. RIVERS,

PROFESSOR RIVERS' DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, WHOM
HER SCAPEGRACE HUSBAND ABANDONED.



SAMUEL B. MCCOLLOUGH,

CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT, WHEELING, VA.,
WHO HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

He Liked Little Boys.

While Capt. R. B. Johnson, of Clinch county, Georgia, was helping a party of 25 or 30 men haul for trout in a millpond, the other day, his little son, Joseph, had a most thrilling experience. Master Joseph carried a bag, or corn sack, in which to deposit the fish when caught. When loaded with as many as he could carry he would take them out and make a deposit and return for more. In making one of these trips, while wading through water about three feet deep some distance from the fishermen, a monster alligator, said to be of unusual size, rose suddenly right, at the boy and seized him by the thigh. A desperate struggle ensued—the boy battled for his life and the alligator for his prey. It so happened that the bag, which hung by the boy's side, was caught in the alligator's mouth with the thigh, and it proved a sort of shield—lessening greatly the incisions made by the brute's teeth, and thus, perhaps, preventing a shock to his nervous system which might have made him succumb without the struggle which saved him his life. By an effort the boy tore his bleeding flesh from the alligator's jaws. The monster grimly held to the sack a moment with the delusion, perhaps, that he still had his prey, affording the boy an opportunity to escape.

He had hardly extricated himself from the jaws of death before the fishermen, alarmed by the struggle, were at hand, and another battle ensued. Thirty men, armed with gigs, poles, pocket knives and such other instruments of war as were at hand, charged upon the monster. Being in three feet of water, the 'gator had considerable advantage, but those men had their blood up and were not to be outdone. They poled and punched and harpooned him until the brute was almost outdone, when one of



HE LIKED LITTLE BOYS.

HOW A GEORGIA ALLIGATOR ATTEMPTED TO MAKE A MEAL OF CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S SON.

the party made bold to seize him by the tail. This was a signal for a general assault. In less time than it would take to tell it, a number of the more daring had him by the tail and legs. There were too many of them for the 'gator to slap around with his tail, a peculiar mode of 'gator warfare, and he had to give up the fight. A harpoon was plunged into his mouth and then it was safe to approach him with pocket knives. Soon his head was severed from his body, and the victorious party marched out of the pond with the monster's head on a pole.

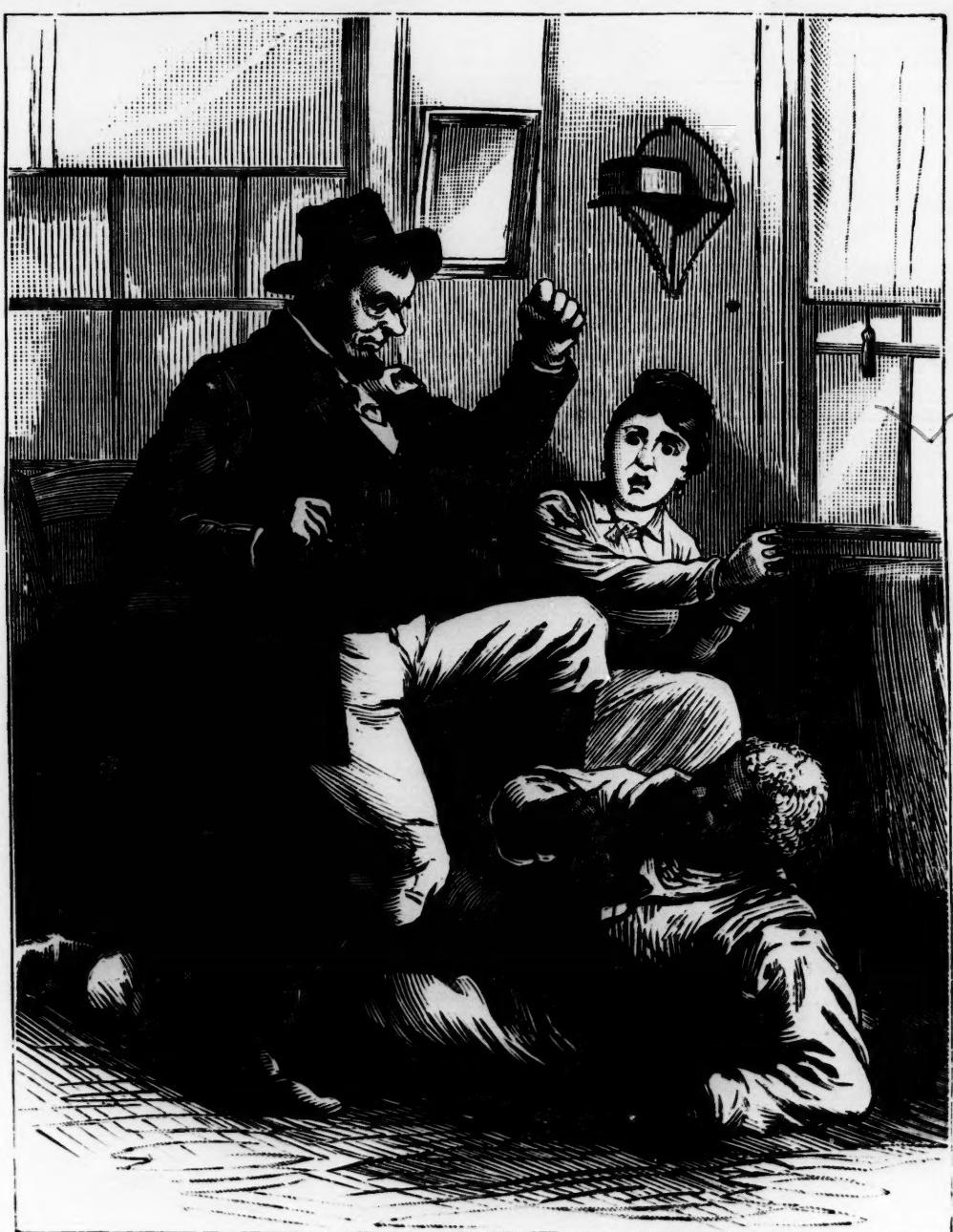
The Downtrodden Race.

Thomas Towner, white, of Cambridge, Ohio, who had for some time been jealous of John Dickens, a colored man, about 70 years of age, finding Dickens in his house on the night of Nov. 20, began a brutal assault on him. He knocked the negro down, jumped on him, and told his wife he was going to murder the old darkey and then bury him under the house.

Towner kept beating the negro until he was unconscious, and then threw him out into the yard. Towner's wife supposed the negro was dead, and as she ran from the house screaming she aroused the neighbors, and about forty miners took Towner in custody. They dragged him from the house, and were just getting ready to hang him to the nearest tree when the negro so far recovered as to be able to move. When the mob saw that the negro was alive they released Towner.

A Court Clerk Missing.

Samuel B. McCollough, the clerk of the Circuit Court in Wheeling, Va., has mysteriously disappeared from his home in that city, and it is feared that he has fallen a victim to foul play. The POLICE GAZETTE publishes his portrait this week and calls upon any one knowing aught of his whereabouts to communicate with William Erskine, Secretary of the Bar Committee of Wheeling, Va.



THE DOWNTRODDEN RACE.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF AN AGED NEGRO BY A BRUTAL AND JEALOUS HUSBAND AT CAMBRIDGE, OHIO.



KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.

THE WARM RECEPTION THAT A TOO FRESH DUDE MET WITH WHO PERSISTED IN WALKING INTO MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Panorama of Metropolitan Midnight Life Ever Presented.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER AVENTURE

As he poured out a glass of the corrosive fluid, the handsome young lady bent a willing head, so it seemed to me to the remark with which he performed the service. Then, gracefully raising the glass to her lips, she smiled with exquisite sweetness, bowed, and by her general expression conveyed a cordial acceptance of the compliment.

The honest fellow came back to my table with a self-satisfied smile on his rugged Swiss features.

"Der lett ist mooth oblige," he said, "unt if you want her dable to go to, vy she make her no objection."

Acting upon the hint thus delicately suggested, I rose, seizing the bottle with one hand, to the waiter's evident amazement and disgust, and crossed the room to join the charming creature opposite, whose smiles and blushes were deliciously commingled as she half rose to greet me.

"I hope," said I, "that you will forgive the indiscreet manner in which I endeavored to obtain for myself the inexpressible pleasure of your acquaintance—but there seemed no other way. Besides, nothing venture, nothing have, you know."

"Pray don't mention it," she said, with her cheeks like a pair of jealous roses. "I know we are both doing very wrong, and I never flirt—but you reminded me so much of a gentleman I am acquainted with and whom I haven't seen in a long time, that I couldn't help smiling at you. I can't imagine what you must think of me in consequence. It must be something dreadful, I feel certain. But you were so polite and so kind that I couldn't help it—help accepting your glass of wine, you know."

And so saying, the lovely being dipped her pretty lips into what Mr. Swiveller would have called the "beaker," and with a beautiful affection of delight, swallowed its gruesome contents at a gulp.

In another minute I had paid my bill, drank most of the "wine," tearsome as it was in strength and flavor, and imbedded myself deep in the good graces of my new and fascinating little acquaintance.

During the course of this strange, eventful history, the fact has been mentioned more than once, if I remember aright, that I am generally credited with being what the world calls a fool. And it is, perhaps, one of the conditions of my folly that I find very little difficulty indeed in making an impression more or less favorable upon the younger and more susceptible members of the other sex. It may be that women take to fools as they do to children—out of an instinctive compassion for their simplicity and helplessness. A cynic to whom I occasionally make known these experiences of mine insists that in the case of fools women not only take to them, but take them in as well.

So, with my usual fortune in this particular, it only took me about five minutes to be on the most intimate terms of acquaintance with my fair unknown. Her conversation was actually sparkling, and her intonation and accent singularly pure and cultivated.

Of course we could not become very familiar, especially as the waiter, apparently dissatisfied with the fee of twenty-five cents which I had given him, kept a close and sullen watch on us and indulged to an annoying extent in a trick of coming close to us when our voices fell, as if to try and catch our remarks.

After a while, having exhausted all the topics of general interest which occurred to me, and being not a little apprehensive that further delay on the premises might bring with it the necessity to order something else to eat and drink, I rose and with all the politeness of which I am master, said:

"I guess we'll find it a little more invigorating and comfortable out of doors, don't you?"

My new found friend smiled.

"I think you are right," she said, "and it is high time, too, I was on the way home."

I could not but see in this remark an intention, if not a desire, on the part of my fascinating companion to "shake me"—as the phrase goes. So in rather rueful tones, I suppose, I said:

"Oh! I hope not. In any case I must insist upon the privilege of escorting you as far as you will allow me."

She smiled, buttoned her gloves, and with a maddening disclosure of her nearly teeth, replied:

"We'll see about that."

On arriving on the sidewalk she regarded her watch a trifle anxiously.

"Dear! oh! dear! she said. "It is fearfully late, isn't it? I'm so afraid mamma will think I am not coming home, and I shall be all alone to-night."

There was nothing particular in the observation. Yet it set me thinking.

"So you live with your mother," I said, as calmly and indifferently as I could.

"Yes! while my husband is away mamma and I keep house together."

"You will not attribute it to mere idle curiosity," I continued, "if I venture to ask how often and for what periods of time the gentleman fortunate enough to be your husband shows sufficiently bad taste to absent himself from home?"

"My husband," she made answer, as she tripped into a Christopher street ferry car, which we had, as usual, all to ourselves, "is absent from home about six months in the year. He is down South at present attending to business, and won't return until late in the winter—perhaps not till early spring."

As she favored me with this statement she looked me in the eyes with a glance so full of liquid fascina-

tion, so heart-reaching and nerve-twanging, that I felt a series of electric thrills rush up my backbone like ghosts rushing up a staircase.

"What," I inquired, with growing temerity, "may be the business which withdraws your estimable husband from your society so long?"

"My husband," she responded, with a smile so delicious that the cardholder who saw it, accidentally, as he glanced through the window, positively turned crimson. "My husband is a commercial traveller for a well known wholesale coffin house, and the pneumonia trade in winter gives him all he can attend to. He will become a partner in a year or two."

"So your husband," I said vaguely, perhaps stupidly, "is a sort of wholesale undertaker?"

"Not exactly. He never handles caskets—only sells them by his sample book."

"It must be quite a convenience at times," I continued, with an absurd yearning to impress her as a humorist, "to have some one in the family who can get coffins for domestic use at trade prices."

"Quite so," she answered, with amazing gravity. "In our own family we have found it very convenient, seeing that we've buried no less than nine of us in the last 18 months."

"Nine of us!" She spoke, did my charming and delicious neighbor, as if she had herself enjoyed the sepulchral rites to which she so feebly alluded. I couldn't help a slight shudder, and for all the glowing life that shone in her eyes and blushed in her cheeks, I edged off a little from her. Besides, I am rather imaginative, and the moment I realized what her husband's avocation was, I thought I smelt varnish and shellac and black walnut and broadcloth, and all the other gruesome things which undertakers use in their hideous trade, and which in undertakers' warerooms smell very unlike the odor they emit in less doleful places.

"Yes!" she went on, thoughtfully. "It does make Death somewhat less dreadful to be in a measure prepared for him, by feeling that the bill for the funeral is sure to be down to actual cost."

"I should think," I said, after awhile, "that the associations of your husband's business would be very depressing—wear upon you, as it were."

"Not at all," she made reply. "Besides (and no language can do justice to the bewitching expression of her eyes), he is at home so little that if he were to talk about it the whole time he wouldn't be long enough with me to make any impression on my nerves. I am not one of that kind. I believe in having all the fun possible—and I mean to have it every time, and don't you forget it!"

The emphasis with which she uttered this singular sentence brought me up all standing, as sailors say. She evidently meant it—in the fullest possible interpretation of the phrase, and I felt alternate thrills of delight, surprise and apprehension.

By this time we had arrived at the Jersey City ferry. It now became a matter of natural interest to me to know where my fair acquaintance was going.

"Do you cross the ferry?" I inquired, a little nervously.

"Yes," she said, "and we had better take the next boat!"

The response was more than an invitation to pursue my quest still further. It was, if the phrase may be used, a regular taking-it-for-granted—that I was still-inside-my-limits expression.

It may strike the casual reader of these reminiscences that I am an even greater ass than I confess to being when I say that I was anything but captivated or assured by the readiness with which my companion accepted the situation.

"It was, in fact, too good to be true—to "soft a snap," as I have heard people say, "to be all on the dead square."

I rapidly made up my mind that something must underlie the unusual complaisance of my new *inconnue*, and was just about to turn round with an apology and bolt, before straying into another unpleasant and ridiculous complication, when the lady, nodding to the man in the toll-box said:

"Two, please."

The pair of tickets were immediately forthcoming, and before I, who have all my life been paying, as the French say, "through the nose" for my female friends, could realize the situation I was pushed through the narrow alley and in another moment was aboard a ferryboat.

It did not lessen my amazement to perceive that my companion was evidently well known to several of our fellow passengers, for she exchanged salutations and nods of recognition with at least half a dozen, women as well as men, and all of them of the most respectable and demure aspect.

I had to pinch myself, as a matter of fact, to realize that this was a real experience and not a dream. Here I was with a young and handsome married woman, whose acquaintance I had made through the kind offices of a Swiss waiter, in a so-called Hungarian restaurant, in the ladies' cabin of a Jersey City ferry-boat, my companion evidently acquainted with the functionaries of the ferry as well as with some of the neatest looking and most highly proper people I had ever set eyes on.

Nobody stared at me unduly, and the freedom with which my companion conversed with me only heighten the strangeness of the situation.

Before we arrived at the slip on the Jersey side I remarked, in natural confusion and desperation:

"Would you mind either telling me your name or some sobriquet by which I may call you, as I find it excessively embarrassing to enjoy this confidence and partiality at the hands of an absolutely anonymous lady?"

The plot deepened with a vengeance. Nothing I had ever come across in my own experience, in my reading, or in my conversation with others, threw the slightest light on the situation. My fair unknown, into whose intimacy I had so strangely blundered, had, beyond all peradventure given me her real name, and for some mysterious reason or another, had been rash enough to introduce me right into her own set, parading me with an effrontery which I could neither fathom nor explain to myself.

The more I thought, the graver grew my perplexity. "This way," she said, cheerily, as we went ashore, "I've got to go and get our tickets."

"Get our tickets? What tickets? Where to? And

why should she carry her insurrection against the manners and customs of her sex so far as to buy "our" tickets—tickets for "us"—for me as well as for her—self—out of her own pocket!

Even at this stage, it was the most extraordinary and unusual experience I had ever had.

However, the only way to get at the solution of the mystery was "to see it through," as I am assured, the phrase goes, in allusion to like adventures.

"We get out Jackson avenue," she said, as I weekly followed her into the ladies' car of a train on the Bound Brook road.

Not having the faintest idea where Jackson avenue might be, or how far off it was, or when we should get there, I made no reply, but accepted my destiny with a complacency that surprised even myself.

In three minutes the train was whirling along toward Philadelphia, and in ten more we had arrived at Jackson avenue, which, so far as I could make out, was a piece of tunnel situated in the suburbs of Jersey City, and a purely subterraneous thoroughfare.

Escorted by my delightful and altogether phenomenal captor, I climbed at her heels into the daylight and after wading through a morass of red clay, arrived at the door of a handsome house surrounded with trees and about a hundred feet distant from any other dwelling.

"Wait just a moment," said my conductress, as she vanished into the house through the lower door.

My first impulse, when left alone on the stoop, was to fly. For the eccentricity of the whole affair literally alarmed me. But before I could make up my mind to leave, the door behind me opened and it was too late.

"Come in" was the sweet salutation of the altogether unprecedented and captivating Mrs. Mortimer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DUEL IN MID-AIR.

The French Aeronaut, M. Nadar's, Escape During the Siege of Paris.

Few balloon voyages can compare, for exciting and perilous incidents, with one which was performed at the time of the siege of Paris by the well known M. Nadar. That gentleman left Tours for Paris, with government despatches, at 6 in the morning. At 11 he was within view of the capital, and, while floating about 3,000 metres above Fort Charenton, a second balloon was observed on the horizon. M. Nadar at once displayed the French flag, and the other balloon responded by exhibiting the same colors.

Gradually the two balloons approached one another, being drawn in the same direction by the same current of air. When they were separated by only a short distance, several explosions were heard. The strange aeronaut continued to fire shots at M. Nadar's balloon, the "Intrepide," which began to descend rapidly. The French flag had by this time been taken in by the other balloon, and the Prussian colors were exhibited instead. Those who were watching the affair from the French below, and who now saw the character and the object of the pursuer, cried out that Nadar was lost. But they were mistaken. He had scrambled from the car up the network of the balloon on the first shot from the enemy, apparently to stop a hole made in the tissue: and he now descended as the balloon righted itself, and, on a quantity of ballast being thrown out, again rose high into the air.

Shots were then fired in rapid succession from the "Intrepide" into the Prussian balloon, which suddenly sank to the earth with headlong rapidity. On reaching the ground a detachment of Uhlans, who had watched the combat from the plain, picked up the aeronaut, and rode off to the Prussian outposts. M. Nadar then descended in safety at Charenton.

A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

Japanese funerals are always conducted at sunset, in accordance with a superstition that is rather beautiful than otherwise. The procession is headed by priests and a company of musicians, who play upon samisens and beat tom-toms. The coffin is a wooden tub in which the deceased is squatting as he had lived, with his feet tucked under him. There is this difference, however. The face of the dead man is looking toward the north, whereas this position is religiously avoided by the living Japanese. Indeed, the points of the compass are frequently marked on the ceilings of sleeping rooms, that the sleeper may arrange his mats so as to avoid this unfavorable position. The wealthy class are buried in earthen jars instead of wooden tubs, but the mode of arrangement is the same. These peculiar shaped coffins do not take up the space required by American caskets, and burial lots need not be so large. One priest in the procession carries an oblong tablet, containing the "dead name" of the deceased, and another bears the precious lotus blossom.

If you follow the cortège you will find your way into a surprisingly well kept cemetery, with head stones all erect and fresh flowers strewn over most of the graves. Litanies are chanted and the body is lowered into a shallow grave lined with cement. Then a life sized lotus plant is placed upon the fresh mound, a lacquer tray of bowls of tea or sake, beans and sweets provided near by, and you walk away from the spot strangely moved by the solemn, unfamiliar spectacle.

A LITERARY BURGLAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." So an enterprising burglar discovered a short time ago. He entered the house of one of our wealthy merchants for the purpose of preying upon the silverware and bric-a-brac. Among the valuable collection of the millionaire was an extensive library. The enterprising knight of the Jimmy and dark lantern came across this during his visit. Having a smattering of knowledge and a hankering after more, he for a moment forgot the peculiarly practical business that caused him to call upon the Fifth avenue magnate, and became absorbed in a perusal of some of the choice volumes. The household was alarmed and the burglar was arrested. He is awaiting trial before a judge who has no taste for literature outside of the call bound volumes of the law library.

ARREST OF A MURDERER.

Sheriff Cannon, of Memphis, Tenn., has just arrested at Austin, Miss., one Bat Blocker, a negro, who on the 15th of last October, struck and killed Herod Jefferson, another negro. The difficulty grew out of some oil which Blocker's wife took from Jefferson's room, who was living in the same house with Blocker. The killing was done with a club, and was, it is alleged, unjustifiable.

THE SOCIETY REPORTER.

He Makes the Acquaintance of a Swell Club and Finds Out Some Queer Facts About It.

The society editor of the POLICE GAZETTE has been more than once lucky enough to get hold of important social news ahead of any other reporter of fashionable life in New York. His exalted position naturally makes him the source of all real "society" news, and on account no person officially recognized as a "swell," dares to do anything without first acquainting the gentleman who compiles this column.

It was for this reason, that, to the exclusion of every other journalist of the press of this city, the society editor of the POLICE GAZETTE received the following card:

THE ANGLOMANIA CLUB.

Dear Sir—Your presence is requested at a meeting to be held Saturday, Nov. 24, at this address, at which the intention of the vulgar and uneducated classes of the community to joyfully celebrate on Monday next, the unspeakable calamity known as the evacuation of New York city by the British Army will be discussed. It is proposed that urgent and immediate measures be taken to insist upon the fact that the aristocratic element of Society has never abjured its allegiance to the British Throne, and to disavow, on the part of the educated and patrician classes of New York, the base, brutal, and altogether disgusting demonstration with which the Cads and Blackguards of New York threatened to disgrace the London of America.

You will please exercise all proper caution in referring to this subject, and will not make it public until duly authorized by a committee of the club.

We are yours, respectfully,

W. K. VANDERBILT.
WRIGHT SANFORD.
W. M. DOUGLAS.
DELANCEY KANE.
GEORGE GOULD.
WABD MCALLISTER.
HERBERT PELL.
RUTHERFORD STUYVESANT.
JAMES ROOSEVELT.
LESTER WALLACK.
LEONARD W. JEROME.
And 150 others.

The Anglomaniac club is situated on Madison avenue, not far from the celebrated garden of Mr. Gilmore. It is a charming edifice, of the early English style, and is built of imported English bricks and mortar. Every item used in its construction came from England, and every workman employed upon it had to prove his British nationality before being allowed to handle the precious materials. All the furniture, carpets, pictures, crockery, &c., were expressly imported. It is the

MURDERED IN MYSTERY.

Phoebe Paullin found Dead, with her Throat Cut, in West Orange, N. J.

Hideous Rape the Object of her Unknown Assassin—No Clew whatever in the Hands of the Police.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

A pendant to the Rose Ambler murder mystery is now occupying the public mind in Orange county, N. J. On the morning of the 25th ult. the murdered remains of Phoebe Paullin, a pretty young girl of 17 years, were discovered in a lonely spot in West Orange township, and although dozens of detectives have been busy since then searching for a clew, no result whatever has been attained.

The precise spot where the foul assassination took place is a lonely section of the Eagle Rock road, about three miles from Orange and one mile from Roseland. Three hundred yards looking toward the former city is Castle Erie, owned by Mr. John Sullivan, of New York, and about the same distance in the other direction, Mr. John Anderson, a milkman, resides with his family. At ten minutes past 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 25th, Mr. John Wachter, proprietor of a saloon on the Eagle Rock road, was driving home from Orange, where he had been at church with his three daughters and little son Johnnie, aged 11 years. While passing an excavation at the side of the road, about an eighth of a mile from his home, little Johnnie said:

"Why, papa, what a funny place for clothes!" at the same time pointing to a clump of bushes on the right of the driveway. Through a little opening there was visible a small piece of red cloth. Mr. Wachter, surmising that it might be a portion of the clothing of a drunken laborer, alighted from his carriage with his little boy. They had scarcely moved six feet when Johnnie saw blood stains along the path. These grew even more frequent as they passed on. When they reached the clump of bushes a horrible sight met their gaze. Stretched out upon a bed of autumn leaves was the dead body of a pretty seventeen-year-old girl.

On the right side of the throat were two ugly cuts, while on the left the jugular vein was severed, and there was a gash that looked as if the flesh had been torn out to a considerable depth by a dull penknife. The face was turned toward the road and was completely covered with blood, while the beautiful brown hair was drenched in a pool of the crimson flood which had flowed from the gaping wounds of the murdered girl. The victim was attired in a jockey hat, a brown mixed jacket, a black velvetine basque and a cardinal red skirt. The dress was nearly torn from the lower portion of her body, while the garments, which bore the marks of bloody fingers, were slashed and rent in several places as if with a dull knife. Upon the forehead were bruises, and the lips were cut, raising a suspicion that the villain had attempted to beat her senseless with his fists. By her side was a small black satchel containing cotton batting and a brown bundle of the same material. Around her neck hung a gold opera chain, attached to a silver hunting case watch, which rested in her bosom. In her pocket was a lady's moneybag, containing four cents in change.

Little Johnnie had no sooner seen the body than he exclaimed:

"Why, papa, that's Phoebe Paullin. I saw her only yesterday."

Mr. Wachter, after taking his family home, despatched his little son to arouse the girl's father, David S. Paullin, a shoemaker, at Roseland, while he drove rapidly to Orange. There he informed Chief of Police McChesney and County Physician Hewlett, and the latter proceeded to the tragic spot. Along the side of the road, about 100 feet from the dead body, were traces of a terrific struggle. The soft turf was thrown up here and there, as if the girl had made a brave fight with her assailant, and in the gully there were a letter and a newspaper, which had evidently been torn from the girl's hands. A little further down the hill there were footprints which corresponded with the shoes of the girl, and others which might have been made by her murderer. It looked as if he had chased her up the hill, and finally captured her where the death struggle took place.

From this spot to the place where the body was found, there was a swath through the tall grass, along which the body of the girl had been dragged by the heels to its place of concealment. Soon after Dr. Hewlett's arrival, Joseph Paullin, a brother, followed and recognized the murdered girl as his sister. Her body was immediately removed to her home.

It seems that on the Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock Phoebe was sent to Orange to purchase some medicine, some cotton batting for quilting and to bring the mail. Before starting she told her mother that if she was delayed she would remain over night at the Andersons, who reside on the Eagle Rock road, about one mile from the Paullin house. When she failed to return they believed that she had remained with the Andersons. In the morning, however, she did not return, and Joseph, her brother, called at the Andersons to ascertain why, but only to receive the terrible intelligence of her fate from little Johnnie Wachter.

Miss Phoebe was seen to leave the Park drug store in Orange at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

About 5:30 o'clock she was seen by Constable Murray,

Peter Everett, Frank Hardy and others going along the Valley road from Washington avenue, just before she should have turned into the Eagle Rock path. It was dark, but she was alone, and was walking briskly.

She carried the bundle and satchel in her arms.

It is not generally believed that a tramp committed the murder, the officers who are investigating the case thinking it more probable that the murderer was well acquainted with the girl and her movements. The general opinion is that after the villain had accomplished his purpose the girl recognized him. Feasting that she might expose him, he decided to put her to death.

Although a steady search has been kept up for the murderer, no definite clew has so far been obtained.

Nevertheless the zeal of the authorities shows no sign of waning. One of the shrewdest detectives in Newark is now working on what he considers to be a good clew, which points to a resident of Newark as the guilty person. If the man's whereabouts at a certain hour are fixed as the clew gives it, an arrest will follow at once. The detectives have sent word to the Orange police officials to give no information about the suspected person to anybody.

A high county official said shortly before our going to press, to a *POLICE GAZETTE* man: "We have got a good clew and the murderer may be arrested before ten hours have passed. If he is captured there will be proof ready to hold him." On the tag of the shirt found by Detective Haggerty are letters that resemble "W & M" or "W H W," but it is thought by some persons that the letters are "W P W." If the latter are the letters the shirt may be the one given by William P. Woodhull to the smooth-faced man who called at that gentleman's house on the night preceding the murder and asked for a shirt and a pair of drawers.

LIFE AMONG THE MILLIONNAIRES.

The Romantic Story Told of a New York Society Lady.

The sale of the Stevens property, at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, for \$600,000, has revived a curious story. Sampson, once the best known auctioneer in this city, accumulated an immense fortune. In the latter days of his life his chief care was the future welfare of his daughter, a beautiful girl who had many admirers. Old Sampson encouraged none of them. Among his own acquaintances was a young bank clerk named Stevens. He had done much for Sampson by assisting him in his business. Finally he was invited to call at the Sampson mansion. He did so, and was not long in winning the heart of the young heiress.

Sampson died and Stevens married his daughter, who succeeded to the estate worth several millions. Mrs. Stevens built an elegant villa at Newport, and erected the residence on Fifth avenue. Three or four years ago Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and their family went to Europe. On the steamer Mrs. Stevens thought her husband paid too much attention to a lady. The affair was apparently overlooked and forgotten. Nearly two years ago Mrs. Stevens went to Europe and set up a palatial hotel of her own in Paris. Among her friends there was an old gentleman, a descendant of the Talleyrand family. He is said to occupy an apartment in Mrs. Stevens' hotel, and her man servant is not less a personage than a direct descendant of the valet of Talleyrand. Her husband went to Paris last summer, and it was supposed she would return with him. For months it has been rumored that divorce proceedings would be begun, and the sale of the Fifth avenue property, as well as the Newport residence, leads to the belief that she does not intend immediately to return to America.

When Stevens called on his wife in Paris last summer, it is said she received him coldly, and assigned him to an apartment distant from her own. Her friends think she is insane and hint at a physical trouble as the cause. One of her daughters, a beautiful girl of 17, is ready to appear in society during the coming winter.

A TIMELY DISCOVERY.

Joller Craig, on examining the locks of the corridors of Quincy prison, Ill., on the night of November 25, discovered one on a door leading from the hall to the corridor nearly sawed, so that it could be easily broken. Only one lock was tampered with, and the supposition is that the prisoners intended to attack the turnkey when he came to lock them into the cells. The gang who did the job is headed by Gadbois, who escaped last spring by knocking the jailer down after having sawed off some bars.

He was recently recaptured in Missouri. He is under indictment for robbing a woman of some \$1,500. His pals in that robbery, who escaped with him, but were recaptured, are serving their term in the Penitentiary.

Sheriff Heckle has not been able to find the saw with which the work was done, but will hereafter confine Gadbois to closer quarters. Evidently an ugly job was averted by the timely discovery of the tampered lock.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER'S WORK.

About 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th ult. the residents of Hyde Park, Chicago, in the neighborhood of Ninety-second street, were startled by a bloody tragedy. John Schmidt, a German butcher keeping a shop on Ninety second street, walked up to his wife, who was standing on the sidewalk, and drawing a revolver, shot her, wounding her fatally. He then shot himself, with such effect that he died almost instantly. Schmidt was about thirty years of age, and was employed at a meat market. He was a good looking young German, and was generally well thought of by all his acquaintances. He and his wife had not lived together for the past eight months, and his jealousy of her is supposed to have led him to commit the fearful double crime. Mrs. Schmidt has been keeping a boarding house for the Western Indiana railroad company. The town is wild with excitement on account of the tragedy.

SHOT IN THE EYE.

A fatal shooting affray took place at the east end, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th, which has been suppressed by the police in the hope that the younger criminal may be arrested. Beverly Brooker, a lad of 14 years, with three companions, was sitting on the terrace of the Cleveland, Painesville & Ashtabula road, cleaning a revolver. Two boys approached them, and when only a few feet distant one of them levelled a pistol at Brooker's head and fired. The ball entered the boy's eye and killed him instantly. The murderer fled.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 34, out on December 1, will contain: A Floating Hell—The horrible cruelties on the ship Northern Light; fully illustrated and described from descriptions and sketches by members of the crew. The American Nana—Her story as told by the newspapers and herself. Another Great Series—On the Fly—Lively looseness lauded on the wing—No. 1—"Some other Man"—Reflections that aroused a lover's jealousy on the elevated road. One of the Swell Mob—How two stylish thieves prey on the metropolitan public—Picking a pocket, and winning a wife—A better half who makes herself useful—The romance of a thief's life; fully illustrated. Blasphemy in Death's Face—With portrait. A London Mystery, and how it was unraveled. "On der Shquare," No. 4. Forgotten Crimes, No. 2—Stabbed with a sword cane Married for Money—Part II—A wife's honor. The Referee, on Sport in All its Branches. The Prowler—Latest Scandals of Society. The Billboard—Latest Scandals of the Stage. And enough other miscellany to fill a common paper. Sold by all newsdealers. Price 5 cents.

A GORY ROMANCE OF THE NORTH.

The Mystery Surrounding the Death of a Young Telegraph Operator in Michigan.

On the morning of Nov. 23 the dead body of Byron M. Sibley, a young and good looking operator, was found near an old manufacturing establishment near the depot of Marshall, Mich. He lay upon his back, with a bullet hole in his temple, and not far away was his revolver, with all except one of the cartridges discharged. There were footprints in the partly frozen earth, indicating a struggle; but the motive of the murderer was not robbery, for the young man's watch and money were undisturbed. As he was universally esteemed and not known to have an enemy in the world, his friends and acquaintances, save one, were at a loss to account for the tragedy. This one, William Ward, a hotel clerk, was able to throw some light on the tragedy, but only enough to invest the case with a thrilling interest, and throw around it enough of mystery and romance to set the town wild with excitement.

Ward explained that the day before the tragedy Sibley had told him that he was in trouble with a prominent citizen of the place, who accused him of improper intimacy with his wife, based on the woman's confession. The injured husband had notified Sibley two weeks before of his discovery, and had then threatened to kill him if he did not leave town. Sibley had protested his innocence of the charge, but the husband refused to believe him, and insisted that Marshall was not large enough to hold both of them. Sibley had gone to Detroit to secure a transfer to some other town, but failing in this, had returned to Marshall on November 23 and resumed his work. That afternoon he had received a letter from his enemy saying that he was sorry he had come back, and giving him until the next day to leave town. Sibley told his friend that he had written the man a note saying he had made up his mind to stay; that he was innocent of the charge, and that if the husband did not stop dogging him one or the other would have to suffer for it. Ward asked the man's name, but Sibley refused to give it to him. He showed Ward his revolver, and said that while his enemy had a self-cocker he would, if it came to that, make the best fight he could with his old style weapon. Sibley had the letter, unaddressed, in his hand as he went out, and the next morning it was found, still with no inscription, on his body.

When news of the murder spread throughout the town, many people remembered that at about 9 o'clock the previous evening they heard two pistol shots in the neighborhood of the depot. One family living near the scene of the murder say that they heard the shots, and soon after light footsteps on the sidewalk, as of some one running in slippers or very light shoes.

A woman testifies to having passed the manufactory just before the shots were fired, and being seized roughly by a well dressed man, who came out from a lumber yard near there, but who on seeing her face, liberated her with an apology. The theory having the most supporters is that Sibley and the unknown husband met in the lonely spot described by appointment, and that becoming involved in a scuffle, both fired, the young man failing a victim.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE ROPE.

The Heinous Crime of an Indiana Farmer now in Jail at Louisville, Ky.

David Johnson has just been jailed in Louisville, Ky., for a most hideous crime. He is a farmer, hailing from Fekin, Washington county, Ind., and came to the city on the day the deed was committed with a cow which had previously been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Meng, the foster parents of the victim of the outrage. The principal testimony against the prisoner is furnished by Charlie Sanders, a boy employed by Mr. Meng. According to this witness, on Monday, the 19th ult., he and one Frits Schneider were at work about the stable in the rear of the Meng premises. Johnson was present talking to him when Mrs. Meng came to the stable door and told them that she was going over to the grocery to see if she couldn't borrow the money to pay for the cow. About five minutes later Johnson left the stable, going out of the door which would take him to or past the house. In about fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards, Mrs. Meng returned to the stable, and asked then how long it had been since Mr. Johnson had gone to the house. He told her, and she replied that he feared that something was up; that he had been in the dark room with Sibley. About half an hour after this the witness and Frits went to the house for the purpose of going to bed. While sitting in the dining room with Mrs. Meng and the little girl Mr. Johnson came in and Mrs. Meng asked him what he had been doing in the dark room with Sibley. He said "Hey?" and upon the question being repeated he said he was just in there. Mrs. Meng said: "I know you were just in there, but what were you doing?" Mr. Johnson made no reply, and directly Mrs. Meng handed him the money for the cow, and he took his departure. About ten minutes later, on taking the little girl up to bed, Mrs. Meng discovered the blood on the child's garments, and then learned of the terrible crime that had been committed.

The witness at a recent hearing repeated a conversation which the accused had with him just previous to the first appearance of Mrs. Meng at the stable. The remarks of Johnson are far too filthy for publication, and show that the bent of the mind of the accused was entirely in keeping with the fearful crime which he committed a few minutes later. The witness was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, but his statements could not be shaken in the least. So clinching was the evidence given by this witness that the Commonwealth did not introduce Fritz Schneider at all. At the conclusion, Judge Thompson committed the prisoner without bail, and the witnesses were recognized to go before the grand jury on Dec. 1.

A CRANK'S QUEER FREAK.

A man representing himself as Col. W. P. Perry, of Pinkerton's detective force of Chicago, applied to C. B. Bush, Superintendent of the Michigan Central railway, at Jackson, Mich., on November 26, for a special engine to go to Mason, a small station thirty miles north, on the J. L. & S. railway, in quest of the murderer of the Crouch family. Superintendent Bush, supposing him to be as represented, granted the request. Perry went to Mason and secured the assistance of the Sheriff of Ingham county, and arrested a farmer named Andrews, living eight miles west of Mason, bringing him to Jackson at midnight. Considerable excitement was caused by his arrest, and thousands crowded to the depot waiting the arrival of

the special engine, with threats of lynching the prisoner. The engine was stopped outside the city limits and the prisoner conveyed to jail in a hack to avoid a mob. But Perry turned out to be a crank and an ex-convict named Howard, while Andrews is a respectable farmer, who stopped at the hotel the night of the murder, coming in very late, and giving for an excuse that he had been out to a house of ill-fame. Sheriff Winney examined into the facts and sent Andrews back home.

FOOLISH WOMAN.

Mrs. Rowell Tells How Easily She was Seduced by a Professional Masher.

The tale told to a correspondent of the *Batavia News* by Mrs. E. N. Rowell, whose husband shot and killed Johnson L. Lynch, tells the story of many a foolish and faithless woman. Dating her narrative back to the time when she first became acquainted with Mr. Rowell, she said that he visited her for a long time before she knew that he was in love with her, and until he proposed marriage she did not realize whether he was courting her or her sister. He was not inclined to be demonstrative in his affection, but went about his love making in a practical, matter-of-fact way. After their marriage, when they removed to Utica, she was little acquainted with the snares of city life, and after a time fell under the influence of a woman who, apparently respectable, lived upon means furnished her by a wealthy man of that city. This woman flattered Mrs. Rowell by praising her good looks, and by calling upon her at a time when her husband was away at his business made her dissatisfied with her lot. Mrs. Rowell, being susceptible to flattery, became an easy victim and soon commenced a career of deception. Among the first who sought her acquaintance was Lynch. He was attractive in appearance and dress, and had little difficulty in finding favor in her eyes. Lacking in true affection for her husband, she soon fell desperately in love with Lynch, and even now mourns his death as that of a lover. He never gave her money or presents to win her affection, the only present he ever gave her having been a Christmas card and valentine. From her own story, it would appear that Lynch was never deeply smitten with her, though he took her into his confidence enough to tell her that his life had not been a success. He said that though apparently a man of the world who had found many pleasures in living, he was on the contrary tired of life. His business ventures had not been successful, and he on several occasions expressed a wish to die and end his troubles.

"I felt all the time that something awful was about to happen if I sent for him," said Mrs. Rowell. "I told Mr. Rowell that I did not feel as if he was going away when he started that Monday morning. I believe that I was warned not to write for him to come here, for in the afternoon when I sat down to write that letter I was very nervous. I was sitting in a chair near the window. Just as I had finished the letter and was about to write the address it thundered three times very loudly in succession, and I jumped up frightened almost to death. I thought, 'There, you had better not send that letter,' but a friend came in and I forgot the circumstance and sent it away. Oh! if I had only told him not to come here!" she moaned, losing control of her emotion.

"Would you live with Mr. Rowell again if he should be acquitted and desire a reconciliation?" was asked.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "Do you suppose that I could live with that man again? How could he be so cruel? I shall always think of John as he looked up at me from the door that awful night. I can never forget that look. I am going back to Clayville to live, but I fear I shall go crazy," she exclaimed, in agonizing tones. This brought the interview to an end.

KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A too fresh dude came to grief last week in a fashionable up-town flat. He has been persistently following a young lady who has been doing her best to shake him, but his limited amount of brains prevented him from taking the broadest hint. Being of a modest and gentle disposition the maiden was incapable of giving him the grand bounce in an energetic manner, and the fool took her mildness for an invitation to press his suit. "Faint heart never won a fair lady, you know," said the dude to himself. "It is most extraordinary that she always excuses herself to me, and waits so early when I call on her. By Jove, next time I won't have it, you know. I believe it is only a pietext for me to pester her to woman. If she won't stay, I'll follow her to bewdow, you know."

He did so the next time he called. He was met at the door by the sable waiting maid, who was well aware of her mistress' aversion to the conceited fop, and had been urging a heroic treatment. Now she had the matter in her own hands, and she profited by it, and knocked the intruder out in one round.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

A bold robbery of the Merchants' National Bank, at Des Moines, Ia., was made Nov. 26. The president and clerk passed out of a rear door unknown to the cashier, leaving the door unlocked. Immediately a man came in the front door and engaged the cashier's attention, when an accomplice entered by the rear door, sneaked up to the cashier's desk, grabbed a bundle of currency and fled. The cashier, turning accidentally about, saw him going out, and that the rear office was vacated. He missed the currency and gave chase, coming upon the thief about one block away, who seeing his capture was sure, threw away the money, and while the cashier was gathering it up he escaped. He is remembered as being in the bank recently canvassing for a bank directory. The amount of money taken was about \$700.

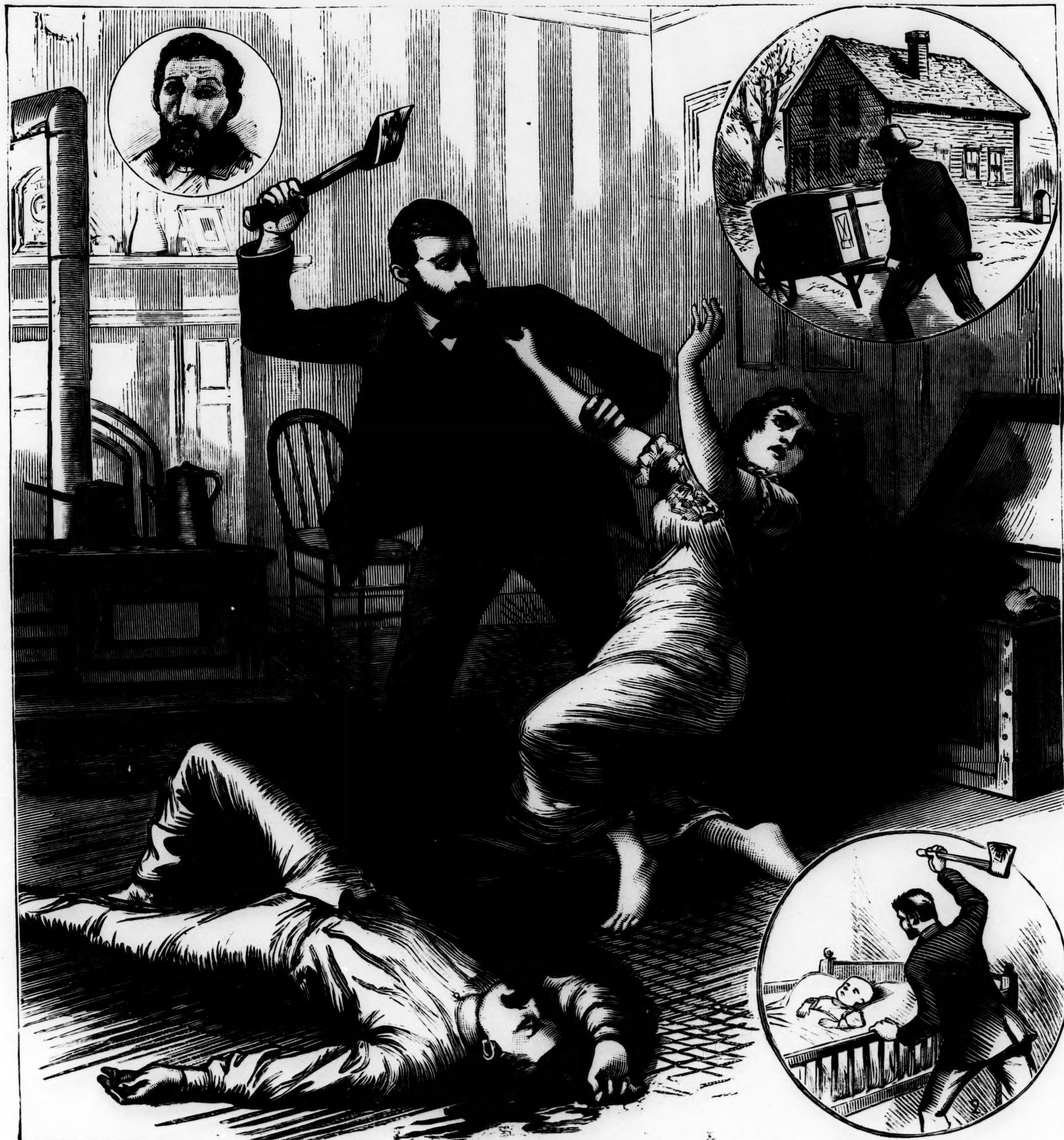
SKILLED SAFE BLOWERS.



THE MICHIGAN QUADRUPLE MURDER

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF MR. JACOB CROUCH, MR. HENRY D. WHITE AND HIS WIFE EUNICE, AND MOSES POLLEY, AT THE CROUCH HOMESTEAD, NEAR JACKSON, MICH.

[From Sketches by Special "Police Gazette" Artists.]



THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HORROR.

THOMAS SAMON'S BRUTAL MURDER OF JAMES REDDY AND HIS INFANT CHILD, AND ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF MRS. REDDY, IN AN ENDEAVOR TO CONCEAL HIS PREVIOUS MURDER OF MRS. JOHN C. FORD, AT LACONIA, N. H., NOV. 24.

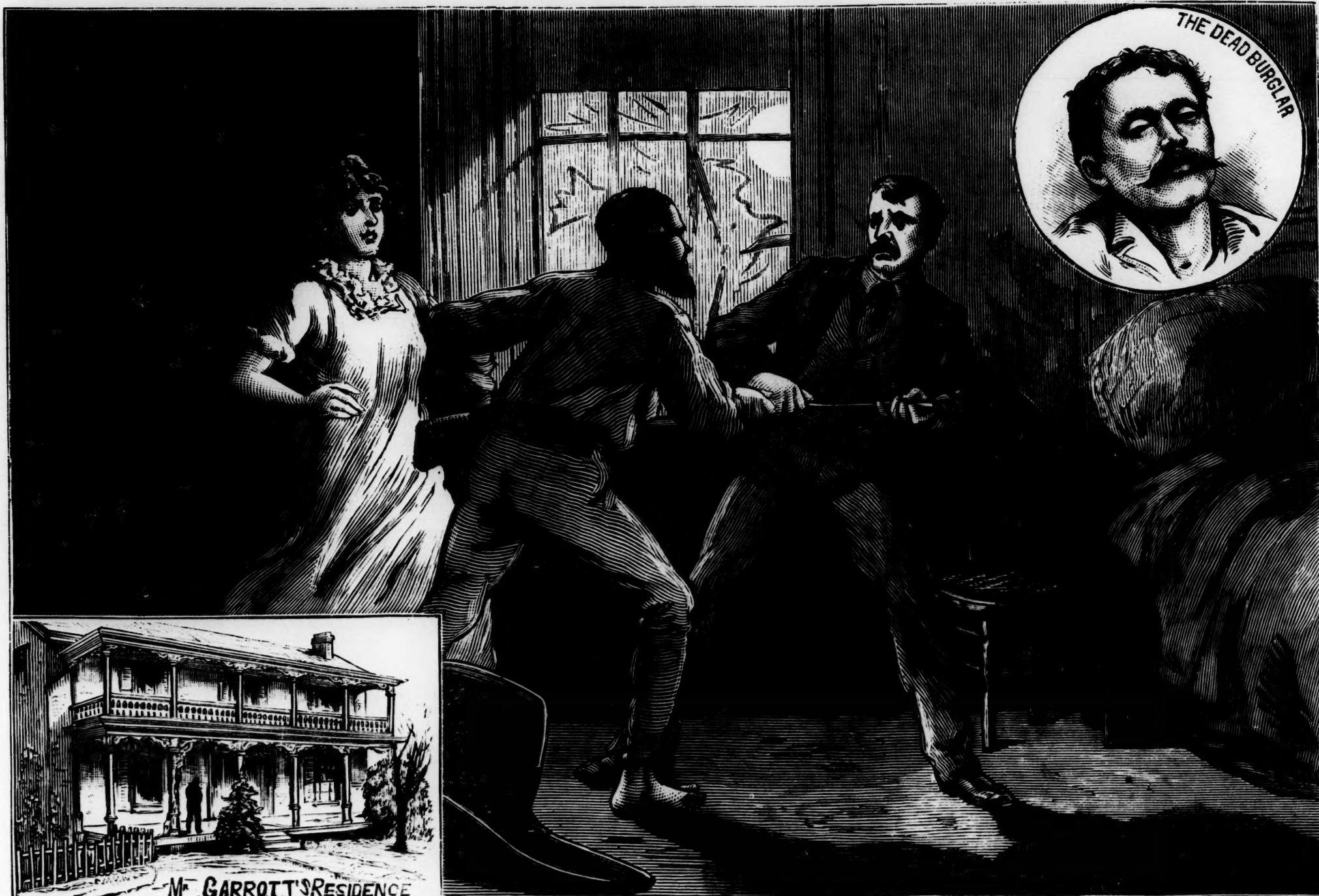
[Sketches of the House and Scenes of the Murder, with Photo of the Murderer taken in Jail, by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.]



A FEATURE OF THE EVACUATION DAY PARADE.

EX-CHIEF HARRY HOWARD MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY AT THE HEAD OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT, WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE OLD VETERAN.

(From Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.)



A HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.

THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE OF MR. J. J. GARROTT, OF NEW PROVIDENCE, TENN., WITH A BURGLAR AFTER HAVING KILLED HIS ASSAILANT'S COMPANION, AND HAVING BEEN SERIOUSLY WOUNDED HIMSELF, WITH PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD BURGLAR AND VIEW OF MR. GARROTT'S RESIDENCE.

(From Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.)

THE PRIZE RING.

A Good Deal of Chinning, and Very Little Fight.

Dissatisfaction at the Decision of the Referee in the Golden-Scullion Mill --Lively Boxing Exhibitions.

The main topic in prize ring circles is the match recently arranged between Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion pugilist of America, and John L. Sullivan. According to the articles of agreement drawn up and signed at Davies' saloon, 219 Randolph street, Chicago, the pugilists are to meet in the orthodox 24-foot ring, at San Francisco, and box four rounds with hard gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Each round will last three minutes, and there will be one minute rest between each. There is no stake dependent upon the issue and, from the information our correspondent at Chicago furnishes, we understand that the receipts will be equally divided after the expenses are paid. It is understood that Chas. E. Davies, Ryan's manager, brought about the contest to give Ryan the opportunity to redeem the laurels he lost when he met Sullivan at Mississippi City, in 1882. As the latter had decided never to fight with bare knuckles again, the only opportunity Ryan had to meet Sullivan was to do so under the same conditions that the champion met Tug Wilson (Joe Collins), Jiminy Elliott, Chas. Mitchell and Herbert A. Slade. It is well known that he attributed his defeat in his fight with Sullivan, to lack of condition and other unfortunate causes. He has been eager, time and again to meet the phenomenon, but never had the opportunity until the present match was arranged. Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager and backer, is confident that Sullivan will whip Ryan easily, and the opinion is shared by many others. Ryan nevertheless has legion of friends who will wager their funds that Sullivan will not stop him in four rounds. One thing is certain, the largest hall in San Francisco will not hold the sporting men who will journey to witness the prize ring heroes of 1882 meet in the arena.

Since Scullion, the Trenton pugilist, was decided the winner in his fight with Golden, of Philadelphia, Trenton cannot hold him. Every one knows how he won the fight. It was not through his great ability as a pugilist, his knowledge of ring tactics, his endurance or stamina, but simply owing to the fact that his friends outnumbered his opponent's, and they were bound when they matched him against Golden to either win, tie, or wrangle. Golden's backers, when they matched him to fight the champion of New Jersey, supposed that their man would be allowed fair play. They did not suppose that either Scullion or the men behind him would take any unfair advantage. The stakes for which the men fought was \$200, such a trifling amount that Golden's backers did not suppose it was necessary to bring a large bodyguard to protect their champion and stop Scullion's friends from threatening the referee. If they had, instead of the eighteen or twenty Philadelphia sporting men, they would have turned out two hundred strong. We have received quite a number of letters from Trenton, Bristol, Allentown, and Philadelphia, from eyewitnesses of the fight, who claim that Scullion was fairly beaten, and that the alleged foul was only an accident and quite unavoidable. Further, they say that the referee would not have decided Scullion the winner only that he was afraid he would have been beaten, and probably fatally injured. One writer says Golden won the fight, and it was a bareface swindle to rob him out of his hard-earned victory, but the referee, under the threats of the Scullion party who outnumbered Golden's nearly ten to one, could not very well do otherwise. Another sporting man writes, that it is an open question whether Golden can whip Scullion if both were in condition, and fought at weight. Golden certainly had Scullion whipped the day they fought, but he was in better condition than the Trenton pugilist. This divergence of opinion has led to a lively discussion, and another match is talked of.

Scullion has boasted that he can whip Golden or any of the middle weights, but it is a question whether he could raise over \$100 to arrange matters. If any match is made it will be for a larger stake, for Golden will not fight again for less than \$500.

The opinion of Scullion's fighting abilities have fallen below par since he "lost" and won the fight with Golden, and many of his former admirers who believed he would be a match for any pugilist, not barring Sullivan, now have doubts, and there is little prospects of the pugilists meeting again unless Golden and his backers at Philadelphia consent to arrange a match for a small stake.

Nothing has been done further in the proposed prize fight between Slade and Ryan. Richard K. Fox still stands ready to match Ryan to fight Slade for \$2,500 a side, but Al. Smith and John L. Sullivan, who made such a flourish of trumpets about how Slade could whip Ryan, have drawn in their horns, or in other words they have backed down and not yet accepted Richard K. Fox's proposition. Sullivan must have knocked all the fight out of Slade, or conclusively proved that he is not a slayer or else they would have made the match which they proposed to at Cincinnati.

Tom Sweeny, of New Haven, Conn., authorizes us to state that he will meet Pete McCoy with hard gloves for \$1,000, at 150 lbs, according to the London prize ring rules, for the middleweight championship of America, as soon as McCoy is through with his tour of the Sullivan combination. A forfeit sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office will be promptly covered.

The sporting element of the Eastern District of Brooklyn were in their glory on the 26th, and about fifty of the choice spirits turned out to witness Dave Williams, of Greenpoint, and Sam McDonald, of Brooklyn, fight for \$100 with hard gloves. According to the agreement the pugilists fought six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules. Johnny Dempsey acted as second for McDonald, while that duty was performed for Williams by Jim Glynn, of this city. John Shandley, of Brooklyn, was referee, and Alfred Skidmore acted as timekeeper. Hard gloves were used. Williams is the heavier and stronger of the two. He had contracted to knock McDonald out in the six rounds, but in this he hopelessly failed. Both men were equally used up at the end of the sixth round, and each gladly left the ring when ordered to do so. The fight was an intensely fierce one, and both men sustained severe punishment. Williams did considerable dodging, and planted the greater number of his blows on the body of his opponent. McDonald

dealt his blows on the face and neck of Williams, and did rather the better fighting.

The long pending glove fight between Billy Schaffer, of Cincinnati, and Ed. Seward, of Cleveland, formerly of Chicago, was decided on the 22d ult., at the Park theatre, Toledo. The pugilists were to fight with gloves, for a purse and the middleweight championship of Ohio. The affair attracted a large crowd of sporting men, and great interest was manifested in the affair. Seward was the first to enter the ring. He was dressed in ring costume of white, and seemed in good condition. His appearance was greeted with applause, as he sported the POLICE GAZETTE championship badge. He was shortly followed by Schaffer, who looked smaller than his opponent, and wore to distinguish himself a red shirt. Time was called, and the fizzle began. Seward led off with a savage blow, which was stopped by Schaffer, who gave his opponent a sharp one in return. Schaffer forced the fighting during the entire round, knocking Seward into the wings several times.

The next round Schaffer led off with a blow on his opponent's left cheek and received a counter in return. The fighting up to the end of the round was pretty even, Schaffer receiving but little punishment. Round three opened with both men sparring for wind. Schaffer made a feint, which was countered by Seward, and sharp hitting followed. Seward was forcing the fighting. He gave Schaffer a blow on the right side of the neck which seemed to knock him silly. At the end of ten seconds he did not rise and the match was declared won by Seward. Schaffer was carried to the dressing room, where he lay for half an hour unconscious, or desperately shamming. It was a brutal display of brute instincts.

Joseph Gaffney, of Trenton, N. J., has refused to give up the stakes in the Scullion and Golden prize fight to Scullion, who was adjudged to have won it upon a foul blow by Golden. Gaffney sides with the Philadelphia friends of Golden, who say that Scullion fell and made the foul intentionally. William Speeter, the referee, says he will not change his decision if the stakeholder keeps the money till doomsday.

Prof. Wm. C. McClellan's exhibition on the 26th ult., at Clarendon Hall, N. Y., was postponed owing partly to the storm and to several of the fistic brigade being unable to appear.

John Dempsey, of Brooklyn, offers to fight any lightweight pugilist for \$250 a side. Jimmy Murray wants to fight Queensberry, and Dempsey London prize ring rules. Consequently they cannot come to terms.

Jem Mace has published a challenge in the London *Sporting Life* that he will box any man in the world four rounds, Queenberry rules, for \$1,000. He also states that he returned to England because Sullivan refused to meet him.

Mitchell and Mace have doubled up, and are giving exhibitions through the principal towns in England. Mace and Mitchell spar, and it is claimed the display, as far as science goes, is *par excellence*.

Jem Goode, the English pugilist, is teaching boxing at Billy Madden's Boxing Academy and Sporting House, corner of Fifty-third street and First avenue.

Tommy Barnes and Joe Fowler, the champion English lightweights, are boxing at Mike Cleary's, 270 Bowery, every night.

It is over six weeks since Charley Johnston, the noted sporting man of Brooklyn, and Arthur Mullen posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, at the same time offering to match Joe Pendergast to fight Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, or any man in America, barring no weight or color, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. After all the boasting Sheriff and his backers had made it was expected that the English pugilist would have agreed to meet Pendergast, but no match was made, neither did Sheriff or his backer accept the *debt*. On the 20th ult. a noted sporting man called on Richard K. Fox and stated that John Flood would fight Pendergast, and that he would match Flood to fight the Brooklyn Hercules. Johnston was notified, and it was agreed that the pugilists and their backers should meet on the 23d. In the meantime Johnston notified Richard K. Fox that, owing to a business engagement, it would be impossible to meet Flood at that time, and it was agreed that the pugilists and their backers should meet on the 27th of November to arrange the match. The announcement attracted a large crowd of sporting men. Among them was Harry Howe, of Dramatic Garden; Barney Maguire, of the Arbor; Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, Bat Sweeney, Steve O'Donnell, Arthur Mullen, of Brooklyn; Charley Johnston, Pendergast's backer; Mike Henry, Bob Smith, James Pilkinson, Los Curtis, Frank Stevenson and a host of others. Pendergast was present, eager and ready to arrange a match. Flood never put in an appearance, but a messenger from the Idaho brought the information that Flood would not fight any one until he fought Sullivan, who he was eager to fight at any time. The crowd were terribly disappointed, and Charley Johnston said he should claim the heavyweight championship, and that he would match Pendergast to fight any man in America for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. Johnston left \$250 deposit with Richard K. Fox for Sullivan, Ryan, Slade, Sheriff, Flood or any pugilist to cover. Johnston said Pendergast would meet any of these men three months from signing articles.

STIRRING UP A MENAGERIE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Sabbath quiet of West Houston street was rudely disturbed a few Sundays ago by the crash of broken glass. The glass formed part of the door of the basement restaurant at No. 68 West Houston street, on the corner of Wooster street, occupied by Frederick Haefner, his wife, four dogs and a goat. Mr. Haefner, who was taking a siesta in the kitchen, realized that an attempt at burglary was being made and sallied forth to repel the intruder, who hastily fled. Mr. Haefner, followed by his canine and canine escort, went in pursuit and a wild chase on the part of the man, the goat and the poor dog took place, up West Houston to Broadway, up Broadway to Bleeker, and through Bleeker to Mulberry and Houston, where the pursued was brought to bay by the dogs, and after being with difficulty rescued from the goat, was arrested by a policeman of the Fourteenth precinct and locked up. He gave his name as Henry Dowd, laborer, of 163 Chrystie street.

A BIG MUSS IN INDIANA.

A serious riot occurred at Huntingburg, near Jasper, Ind., on the night of November 19. The marshal, in attempting to arrest some disorderly boys, became involved in a fight, and calling a posse to his aid a lively scuffle ensued. Thirty or forty shots were fired and numerous brickbats hurled. The marshal had a finger shot off, and several citizens were injured.

THE KITTERY MURDER MYSTERY.

Oscar Blaney and the Dead Man's Wife Arrested for the Crime.

The Kittery mystery is solved. Thomas Barrows was murdered deliberately and methodically by his son-in-law at Kittery, Me., aided and abetted by Mrs. Barrows, the victim's wife. Both have confessed to Detective Wood, of Boston, and have repeated their confession before the district attorney and the sheriff. Thomas Barrows was found by his neighbors Nov. 14, dead in his bed, with six bullet wounds on the left side of his body and head. These neighbors were called by Mrs. Marie Barrows, who said that her husband had committed suicide. The fact that Mrs. Barrows left her home on the night of the death of her husband by the front door, passed near the house of several neighbors without alarming them, and went a mile and a half to the residence of her son-in-law, Oscar E. Blaney, gave ground for suspicion that her story was not true. Again, she said her husband shot himself in the yard, and then crawled into the house. The coroner's inquest developed the facts that Mr. Barrows could not have inflicted the wounds he received from their position, and, furthermore, if he had he never could have lived a sufficient time to have crawled into his house and to bed, where he was found. Again, the revolver with which Mrs. Barrows said her husband had killed himself, and which she produced, was of five barrels only, while seven shots were fired, six of which took effect, the seventh being imbedded in the barn door. These facts appeared suspicious, but as Mrs. Barrows had acted strangely of late, her neighbors were inclined to think it was a case of mental aberration, and so the funeral was held and the body buried.

Baffled at a solution of the enigma, Detectives Wood and Wiggin, of Boston, were ordered on the case by the officials. The detectives learned the history of the parties; that Thomas Barrows came to the farm as a laborer while Mrs. Barrows' former husband, Cate, was living, and took charge of the farm. After his death he made love to Mrs. Cate, was rejected, shot at her with a revolver, and then shot himself, thinking he had killed her. She had only fainted, however,

Barrows was arrested, went to jail, but as Mrs. Cate refused to appear against him he was discharged, after sixty days confinement, and returned to the farm one year ago and married Mrs. C. Blaney. The son-in-law quarreled with Barrows, and he forbade him the house, and on one occasion had a pitched battle with him in a church that both attended. Blaney had to meet his intended clandestinely, until about nine months ago, when Blaney and Barrows' stepdaughter were married. It was the fear that Mrs. Barrows would leave the farm to her daughter, and that Blaney would get a share, that caused Barrows to hate Blaney. Mrs. Barrows sided with Blaney, and frequently expressed the hope that something would happen to Barrows, or that he would get out of the way. This was the state of affairs on the day Barrows was found dead.

Acting upon the presumption that Mrs. Barrows and her son-in-law must have murdered Barrows, the detectives arrested the two on the 24th ult., and were lucky enough to extract a confession from them which will doubtless lead to their conviction. They acknowledged having deliberately shot the old man in order to get him out of the way.

ABANDONED BY HER SCAPGRACE HUSBAND.

Pretty little Mrs. Rivers' Sad Plight, and What Came of It.

[With Portrait.]

Clad in rich garments, fashionably cut, a young lady with a baby in her arms entered the office of the Charity Commissioners, Brooklyn, the other day. She was a handsome blonde, with large blue eyes, which, however, were shedding copious tears that rolled down her peachy cheeks on to her babe.

"What can we do for you, madame?" asked Clerk Short, evidently touched to see so much beauty so sad.

"I am looking for relief for myself and child, sir," she replied, through her sobs. "My name is Sadie E. Rivers, I am the wife of Harry F. Rivers, the eldest son of Professor Rivers, the dancing teacher, at the corner of State and Court streets."

"Are you a resident of Brooklyn?" was the first and necessary question.

"I was married to Mr. Rivers, at Nyack, on the Hudson, in October, 1882," she replied. "Since then I have resided with my father in Nyack. A week ago I left because father had failed in business, and was unable to support me any longer. I came to Brooklyn to claim support from my husband. This is our child. He would do nothing for me, and I found apartments at No. 659 Fourth avenue. He resides at No. 175 State street."

After some little consultation, the Commissioners informed Mrs. Rivers that her residence in Nyack placed the case beyond their jurisdiction, and refused to take any action. Mrs. Rivers went away, and subsequently caused the arrest of her recalcitrant husband. On account of the latter's connections the affair excited much interest in the City of Churches, and it was only upon his furnishing bonds to support his wife that he was released.

IN DEFENCE OF HIS HOME.

J. J. Garrett, of Providence, Tenn., Kills one Burglar and Wounds Another.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

On the night of November 21, about 10 o'clock, a desperate attempt was made to burglarize the house of J. J. Garrett, a prominent and wealthy man of New Providence, about two miles from Clarksville, Tenn. Two burglars broke in a window of his room with a fence rail, and as they entered the house Mr. Garrett seized his gun and fired one barrel, killing one of the burglars, and then engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the other. In the struggle for the possession of the gun the barrel was twisted from the stock. During the struggle Mr. Garrett was fired on several times; one shot took effect, entering the left lung. The wound at this time is not considered necessarily fatal. After being shot he made the fight so hot that the remaining burglar ran under the bed. Mr. Garrett dragged him out and threw him from the window and he escaped. The dead body of the other was found a few yards from the house. A lot of burglars' tools were left in the room. After all was over Mrs. Garrett locked her wounded husband in the house, and went, in her bare feet, a half mile to a neighbor's for assistance.

The burglar killed has been recognized as the person who registered at the Franklin House several times recently as Samuel Patterson, Louisville, Ky. He introduced himself to several in the city as Patterson. No one seems to know anything about him.

MRS. LONG'S CONFESSION

Of the Murder of a Little Boy at Princeton, Wisconsin.

The mystery surrounding the murder of the little Whittemore boy at Princeton, Wis., has been partially solved. The boy's father and Mrs. Ellen Long had improper relations, and the boy knew of it. He suddenly disappeared, and after a long search his body was found on an island in the lake, where others searched without finding it. Suspicion pointed to the father and he was arrested. Mrs. Long was arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice. Mrs. Long is a beautiful widowed daughter of one of the most noted judges of this State, and the social prominence of all parties as well as the mystery surrounding the case, made the affair one of the most noted in the criminal history of Wisconsin.

At a preliminary examination at Dartford, Mrs. Long made a full confession of the murder on the 24th of October. She said she killed the boy in her house and threw the body in an old well in the summer kitchen. Subsequently she removed the corpse and deposited it where found. She implicated nobody in the crime, and refused to divulge her motives.

The belief is general that there was a confederate, and that it simply was an impossibility for Mrs. Long to convey the body to the river alone. She insists there was no motive for the deed, but her reticence since the confession and in making it, as she has, belies her statement. There is terrible excitement at Princeton over the confession, but it is believed the guilty woman will be protected against mob violence should it be offered.

THE MICHIGAN MURDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The mystery which surrounds the Crouch murder, at Jackson, Mich., full account of which we published last week, appears no nearer solution than the day after the crime was committed. The officers, if they have any clew, are close mouthed. Nearly all the theories advanced have had their weak points, which have led the public to abandon them. The colored boy, Bates, and the domestic, Julia Rose, are still held in the jail until the inquest is resumed. The supervisors have held several secret sessions and offered a reward for the capture of the murderer or murderers. The son of Crouch, living in Texas, is expected at Jackson, and it is thought that he will liberally increase whatever amount, if any, that they may offer. The people are very much surprised that no reward has been offered before, with a wealthy estate that could well afford to place \$10,000 as a reward for the apprehension of the villains. We this week publish accurate sketches of the Crouch homestead, and the finding of the bodies, from sketches made by a special artist of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE OLD FIRE LADDIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the notable features of the centennial anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British, was the part taken by the survivors of the old volunteer fire department in the great parade of November 26th. Despite the drenching rain the old veterans marched over the whole route, and attracted marked attention.

They were headed by Harry Howard, the famous ex-chief of the department. He wore a black coat, a high hat, a white rosette, and carried an elegantly chased silver horn. He for a time seemed to have regained his youthful fire, and, as some one remarked, looked as if he was eager to take part in a race between "Big Six" and "Live Oak." Beside him walked ex-chief Decker, and other of the former officers of the department. Then followed a numerous delegation of the old time fire laddies in red shirts and leather helmets, dragging engines, hose carts and trucks, that looked like antique playthings alongside the burnished and powerful steam engines of the paid fire department in the same parade.

A MURDEROUS MADMAN.

A remarkable attempt at wife murder at Corrytown, a small village near Fonda, N. Y., took place November 22. John F. De Levendorf, 60 years of age, a wealthy farmer and an assiduous reader of dime novels, put a rope about his wife's neck after they had retired for the night, and was drawing it with all his strength when she awoke with a scream, strangled and black in the face. A struggle began, in which she, a stouter person than her husband, succeeded in beating him down, and reaching the door she screamed for aid. A man from the servants' quarter came to the main house in his night dress, and seizing the husband, who by this time had recovered from his wife's stunning blows, and was prancing about the room with rage, threw him upon the bed and held him until the arrival of others, who soon rushed into the room. Officers were sent out and brought De Levendorf to Fonda, and lodged him in the county jail the same afternoon.

The prisoner was, however, discharged a few days later on the ground of insufficient evidence.

CRIME'S WORSHIPPERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HORRIBLY BUTCHERED.

The Triple Murder Which is Exciting Peaceful New Hampshire.

How Thomas Samon First Killed His Mistress, and to Conceal His Crime Murdered Two Others.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Laconia, a small town in New Hampshire, has been the scene of one of the most ghastly deeds in the criminal annals of this country. In some respects it reminds one vividly of the celebrated Pantin tragedy in Paris, for which Troppmann, the Alsatian, was sent to the guillotine.

At about 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 27th ult., persons living in the neighborhood of the cottage of James Reddy, in the outskirts of the Laconia, were awoken by the piercing screams of a woman for help and her cries of murder. On going to the house they found the prostrate form of Mrs. Reddy wailing in a pool of blood. She was badly lacerated about the head and body, and one arm was nearly cut off, the hand and wrist hanging by a small piece of skin. She was taken to the house of a neighbor, and, after being attended to by physicians, she recovered sufficiently to give a coherent account of the affair.

Mrs. Reddy said that Thomas Samon, who had been boarding in her family a few days, came home soon after 1 P.M., having a trunk, which seemed to be heavily loaded, on a wheelbarrow. He deposited the trunk in their yard, and some two or three hours later he carried it to the room he occupied in the Reddy cottage. He remained about the greater part of the day, and appeared so nervous and uneasy during the evening that Mr. and Mrs. Reddy could not help remarking it. Samon did not retire when the other members of the family did, and both Mr. and Mrs. Reddy heard him walking about the house at different hours of the night. Early this morning Mr. Reddy arose and dressed himself, after which he went to the kitchen, where Samon had passed a sleepless night. Mrs. Reddy heard them conversing together very earnestly for several minutes, and then heard a lively scuffle, followed by a heavy fall on the floor. Becoming much alarmed, Mrs. Reddy dressed herself as quickly as possible, and on entering the room she was seized by Samon, who dealt her several blows with a sharp hatchet, and succeeded in forcing her upon the floor. While lying there he struck her again, supposing, evidently, that he had killed her. Then the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Reddy, a baby boy, about thirteen months old, began to cry. Whereupon Samon hastened to the chamber where it lay and struck it twice on the neck with the hatchet, nearly severing the head from the body. He then brought the body of the child to the kitchen and placed it beside that of Mr. Reddy, whom he had killed before his wife's appearance. He then took a mattress from the bed and placed it upon the bodies, saturated it and Mrs. Reddy's clothing with kerosene oil, and applied a match to them. He remained long enough to see them well ignited, and then left hastily by the front door. After he had gone Mrs. Reddy got up and jumped out of the window and uttered the cries that alarmed the neighbors.

Mr. S. S. Andrews, who was aroused by the cries, awakened his son, and together they hurried to Mr. Reddy's house. They found Mrs. Reddy lying on the ground under a front window, through which she had made a desperate leap. She was bleeding profusely, and upon being asked what was the trouble, said: "Pick me up. I'm all cut to pieces." Mr. Andrews assisted her to the residence of Charles Fligate, directly opposite, and then telephoned for Chief Officer Judkins and a physician. After waiting a short time for their arrival Mr. Andrews and his son went to the back door of Reddy's house and forced it open, the flames at the same instant bursting forth. An alarm of fire was sounded, but the flames were extinguished before the firemen arrived. Upon gaining an entrance the officers found lying upon the kitchen floor the bodies of Reddy and the child, both cut in a horrible manner, and covered with the contents of a feather bed, which had been saturated with kerosene and set on fire. Both bodies were so disfigured by the flames as to be nearly past recognition. In a bedroom was found Samon's trunk and the lifeless body of Mrs. Ford, which was identified by her husband. One of her limbs had been chopped off, and the detached member and the remaining leg were bound to the woman's body with a clothseline. The bedclothes had been saturated with oil, piled on the body, and an attempt made to set them on fire, which failed.

The intelligence of the tragedy was sent to the surrounding cities and towns, and the selectmen offered a reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. Word was received on the afternoon of the day following the ghastly discovery that Samon had been apprehended at Plymouth by Policeman Manson S. Brown. When charged with the murder he denied in the most emphatic terms that he knew anything of the affair, and was entirely willing to confront Mrs. Reddy. He was at once returned to Laconia and locked up to await developments.

Samon is known to have been intimate with Mrs. Ford, who is reported to have been somewhat dissipated. He was seen leaving her residence at about noon on the 24th, with the wheelbarrow and trunk, and attempted to throw the latter into the river, but was prevented from doing so. He then wheeled it to Mr. Reddy's. When Mrs. Ford's body was discovered at the Reddy house both limbs were broken at the knee to allow them to be doubled up so as to go into the trunk with the rest of the body.

Mrs. Ford was killed with an ordinary axe, with which the assassin made a terrible wound in the abdomen, causing almost instant death. The hatchet used by Samon at the Reddy house was found in a stream of water, where it was thrown by him while taking his flight.

The authorities have thus far failed to discover any motive for the murder of Mrs. Ford. Mr. Ford was arrested for suspected complicity in her murder. The theory of the murder of Mr. Reddy is that Samon, after bringing the body of Mrs. Ford to the house, desired him to assist in disposing of it, and upon his refusing to do so he assaulted him with the hatchet. When he became aware that Mrs. Reddy knew he was a murderer it is supposed that he determined to put her out of the way; but why he should have killed the babe no one ventures an opinion. It is believed that he intended, by setting the house on fire, to remove all trace of his fearful deed.

Samon is an Englishman, and has been a hotel cook for many years. He had previous to this time borne a fair reputation. He is a married man, his wife and sister residing in Plymouth. Mr. and Mrs. Reddy are highly spoken of as industrious, worthy people, who could have had but little knowledge of Samon when he came to board with them. Reddy had accumulated some property by his industrious habits. He was a native of Ireland, and about 40 years of age. Mrs. Reddy is quite feeble, and while she may recover, the probabilities are that she will soon follow her husband and child to the grave.

The excitement in Laconia and vicinity is intense, and threats of lynching have been made, but it is believed that the law will be allowed to take its course in dealing with Samon.

COWHIDE AND PISTOL.

A Lawyer's Hostile Visit to a New Jersey Editor's Sanctum.

Editor Cheeseman, of the Bridgeton (N. J.) *Patriot*, and J. L. Van Syckle, a prominent Democratic politician, had a terrible fight in the office of that paper Nov. 22. On that day the *Patriot* had an attack on Van Syckle. Van Syckle promptly armed himself with a new cowhide and a revolver and went to Cheeseman's office. The proprietor was washing his hands in the second story back room. His sons and three or four printers were in the story above. Van Syckle halted in the editorial room, second story front, and roared at Cheeseman in the adjoining apartment:

"I want to see you at once."

"All right," responded Cheeseman. "I'll be out in a minute."

When Cheeseman came out of the back room Van Syckle arose from the cover of the desk on which he was nursing his wrath, and, drawing his cowhide, shook it at his swarthy enemy. Although Cheeseman had never been cowbanded, the instrument in Van Syckle's hands, instead of inspiring him with terror, only made him stop and laugh. Then the little man's rage knew no bounds. Throwing down the cowhide, he drew a revolver and aimed and fired at Cheeseman, who was only a few feet distant. Cheeseman threw up his left arm and the bullet passed through his coat sleeve and struck his breast two inches above the heart. He staggered, but recovered his presence of mind and closed with Van Syckle.

In a hand-to-hand struggle the lawyer was at a great disadvantage. Appreciating this, and fearing that Cheeseman would wrest the revolver from him and turn it upon his owner, he threw the weapon across the room. Cheeseman hurled his opponent to the floor, knelt upon the fallen man's arms, and then throttled him with his left hand and pounded him in the face with his right fist. The pistol shot and Van Syckle's cries for help brought Cheeseman's sons and the printers down stairs, and drew a great crowd of people from the street. Cheeseman was crazed with rage, and it was with difficulty that he was dragged from his almost insensible antagonist, whom the exertion and shock nearly killed.

MURDERED FOR A CUD.

Late on the evening of the 22d ult., on the farm of Gen. Granville Moorman, in Bedford county, Va., two boys, John Spangler and Richard Newcome, aged ten and fourteen years, were sitting in the stable yard, talking. Newcome was chewing tobacco. Spangler remarked that he looked as if he enjoyed chewing, whereupon the other remarked that he had always hated borrowing, and had made it the rule of his life that he would shoot the first man that ever asked him for a chew of tobacco. Young Spangler then said: "Dick, give me a chew." Newcome put his hand in his pocket and said: "If you ask me again I'll shoot you." Spangler repeated the request, and his companion drew a small pistol and shot him in the stomach. The wounded boy lived only an hour. The two had been fast friends and playmates. Since the shooting the young murderer has been overwhelmed with grief and says he did it in a fit of passion.

SHOOTING HER REJECTED SUITOR.

Three years ago John W. Hancock shot and killed Joseph Walker, near Peytona, Shelby county. Mrs. Mary Walker, the widow, had property, and was young, sprightly, and pretty. During a year past the Rev. John Ford, a Methodist minister, has been paying attention to Mrs. Walker, and has sought her hand in marriage. She has persistently refused him, but he has nevertheless ardently pressed his suit. Mrs. Walker says that only recently Ford, after begging her most piteously to marry him, made threats to shoot her if she did not consent. On Wednesday evening he went to her house to pay her a visit. The servants say that there was an altercation, in which the exact words of the two could not be understood, except that Mrs. Walker ordered Ford out of the house and he refused to go. Mrs. Walker then got a shotgun loaded with No. 1 shot, and at close range discharged its contents into Ford's face and breast. His eyes were torn out and his chest was terribly mutilated. Death occurred almost instantly. Mrs. Walker surrendered herself.

MOVE AWAY, BOYS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Western cowboy on a visit to New York during the recent Evacuation Day celebration, gave a needed lesson to the crowd of idiots who make a habit to cluster around the cigar lighter in the first class saloons. He had made several ineffectual attempts to get near the stand provided by the proprietor of the place for those who wish to ignite their regalias or stick-apees, but had found the passageway blocked by that insane class who always select that locality as the spot to stop and chin. Being somewhat annoyed he adopted the heroic treatment, and quietly pulling out his seven-shooter he advanced on the crowd, saying in a voice childlike and bland: "Move away, boys." He got a light.

A SERVANT OF THE LORD!

[With Portrait.]

The Rev. W. J. Moret is wanted at Starke, Fla., on the treble charge of wife poisoning, obscene blackmail and fraud. Moret came to Starke about a year ago as a preacher of the Methodist church, and obtained a situation as teacher in the Starke Institute. While there he obtained money by some very questionable practices, and, as is alleged in the affidavit underlying the warrant for his arrest, caused the death of his wife by drugs and other improper practices. He was also guilty of writing, after leaving Starke, some very obscene and abusive letters with intent to damage the character of a young lady pupil of his, one who, however, is above reproach.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.

ON THE FLY.

Lively Loosenesses Lassoed on the Wing.

More Light Shed on the Inside Life of the Great Metropolis.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,

No. 34, Out Dec. 1. Price 5 Cents.

F. C., Villa Lerdo, Mexico.—No.

W. N. G., Chicopee Falls, Mass.—Yes.

T. M. H., Snow Shoe, Pa.—See answer to G. D. B.

R. H. B., Carthage, Texas.—The man holding high wins.

C. H. Auburn, Me.—Joe Goss arrived in this country April 15, 1876.

E. C. F., Newport, Pa.—Write to John Hickman, care of this office.

E. J. R. P., Franklin, Va.—"B" wins by holding "Low and Jack."

W. W. M., Strasburg, Pa.—As far as we know, the firm is reliable.

J. C., Chicago, Ill.—The "American Athlete," price by mail, 30 cents.

E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Joe Coburn was 48 years of age on July 20, 1883.

W. J. S., Centralia, Pa.—Send 50c. and we will forward you the book.

A CONSTANT READER, New York.—He is not, nor the twentieth part of it.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Herman Hattenhorst, Brooklyn, E. D., teaches boxing.

W. H. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Jem Ward, ex-champion of England, is still alive.

J. J. B., Boston.—Send \$1, and we will send you the standard work on wrestling.

G. A. D., Cherokee, Iowa.—Send for the "American Athlete," price by mail, 30 cents.

J. E. C., Conshohocken, Pa.—Send your full name and address and we will mail you the rules.

G. D. B., Munoy, Pa.—Write to M. A. Dauphin, Louisiana State Lottery Co., New Orleans, La.

F. W. K., New London, Conn.—The dealer is entitled to the game when there is a tie. 2. Neither.

J. A. A., New Era, Mich.—Write to the "Scientific American," New York city, and you will get the information.

S. M., Newport.—Charley Lynch, the American pugilist, stood 5 ft 2 in, and his fighting weight was 112 lbs.

S. M. H., Eastport, Me.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York, and you will get all information.

H. R., Vicksburg.—Harry Jones, the "Sailor Boy," fought 33 battles, winning 23, losing 9, and drawing 1.

J. G., Cambridge, Mass.—Send on a foilet if you wish your challenge published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

T. W. B., Almonte, Ontario.—The "Life of Tu, Wilson" will be mailed to you at address or receipt of 30 cents.

E. L. S., Stuart, Mont.—Paddy Ryan did not challenge John L. Sullivan after their fight at Mississippi City.

P. W. P., Selma, Ala.—We have no means of finding out unless you forward us his photograph, when we will inform you.

A. C. B., Southboro, Mass.—Charley Bowell's best record is 506 miles 63 yards, made at London, England, Nov. 1 to 6, 1880.

G. H. C., Angelica, N. Y.—Write to the Fope Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass., and you will get the information.

D. F., Tioga, Ill.—It would be hard to decide, but our opinion is that Sullivan is a better pugilist than John C. Heenan was.

P. E., Lockport, N. Y.—1. John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming Ter., Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Hemorrhage of the lungs.

G. M., Holyoke, Mass.—Prof. Wm. Miller and Paddy Ryan boxed with blackened gloves at Irving Hall, in this city, April 29, 1878.

B. W. J., Iola, Kansas.—Send on a photograph and sketch, if suitable will publish it. We don't make any charge for doing this.

E. G. S., Chicago, Ill.—Arthur Chambers defeated Billy Edwards for the lightweight championship. 2. They only fought once.

E. C. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—Dumbbells will at the commencement make your arms stiff, but in time the stiffness will wear away.

S. H. W., San Francisco.—1. Tom Allen left this country for England after his battle with Joe Goss, Sept. 7, 1876, in Kentucky.

2. No.

D. R. S., Selma, Ala.—1. Paddy Ryan did keep a sporting house in New York in 1880. 2. Corner of East Broadway and Chatham Square.

G. L. C., Olean, N. Y.—Write to the American News Company, Chambers street, New York city. They can give you the information.

A. & B., Trenton, N. J.—1. Ben Hogan's (the pugilist) right name is Benedict Hagan. 2. He was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, in 1844. 3. Yes.

H. S., Madison, Wis.—Gale started in this city, on June 27, in an attempt to walk 6,000 quarter miles in 6,000 consecutive periods of 10 minutes.

A. READERS, Williamsport, Pa.—1. Arthur Chambers weighed about 122 lbs, and John H. Clark 126 lbs when they fought 123 rounds.

S. L., Toronto, Canada.—Jem Belcher, the English pugilist, was born at Bristol, England, in 1871. Died at London, England, on July 30, 1881.

J. M., New York city.—King Fan was purchased by Daly from D. D. Withers, sold by Daly to Dwyer Brothers, and re-purchased by Daly from them.

J. B., New Haven, Conn.—Yes; Charley Mitchell knocked John L. Sullivan down in their contest in Madison Square Garden, New York city.

A. H. M., Syracuse, N. Y.—You cannot claim forfeit unless articles of agreement have been signed, which in the case you refer to was not done.

W. J., Jersey City.—We cannot say whether the absence of time tables in the ferry houses of the Hoboken ferry is due to economy or stupidity.

W. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Ned Price and Joe Coburn fought for \$300 near Boston, Mass., May 1, 1856. 2. Price then stood 5' 10 1/2 in, and weighed 165 lbs.

T. W., Kansas City, Kan.—John Gully, the champion pugilist of England, was elected a member of the British Parliament for Pontefract, in December, 1882.

F. MONTAGU, ——L. Owney Geoghegan fought several battles in the prize ring and was never defeated. 2. You can get the back numbers by mail for 10c. a copy.

D. H., Snake Creek, ——1. Write to Mrs. S. J. Morrow, No. 276 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. 2. "Youths' Companion," Boston, Mass., circulation 303,000 weekly.

E. D., Richmond, Va.—Charles Gallagher defeated Tom Allen, Feb. 1888, at St. Louis, Mo., by knocking him out of time in the second round after fighting three minutes.

H. G., Harrison, N. J

A Great German Actress.

Marie Geistinger, whose portrait we publish this week, is the leading star of the German light comedy and opera bouffe stage. Although well advanced in years, she possesses the grace, entrain, and, above all, the melodious voice of a woman of twenty-five. She thus commands a large audience wherever she goes. At present she is starring here under the management of Gustave Amberg, the only independent German theatrical manager in the United States, and after playing some weeks at the Thalia, in New York city, will go on the road, taking in all the large cities of the West. Our portrait of this talented lady shows her in the part of the beggar's student in Milloeker's opera of that name.

Lassoing Bears.

Mr. Lee Moore, a cattle raiser, of Albany county, Wyoming Territory, lately had a tussle with a bear, in which for a while it looked as if the bear might get the best of the fight. While gathering cattle in the northern part of Wyoming, as he and one of his men were driving in cattle to the roundup on Antelope creek, they came across two very large cinnamon bears. The men had their lassoes in their hands in an instant and chased the beasts for about four hundred yards, when one of the bears turned and made for Moore's horse. When he got in reach the horseman threw the lasso around the animal's neck, but could not turn his horse, and the bear, rushing against the horse, all three went rolling down the hillside for about fifty feet. Moore, had most of his clothes torn off when they got to the bottom, but he managed to get at his knife in time to kill the brute. He skinned his prize and came to camp triumphantly with the hide. Red Casper had better luck with his game. He came into camp with the bear at the end of his lasso. In a few minutes his hide was stretched with the other one.

Black Bart.

This gentleman, E. G. Bolles, otherwise known as C. E. Bolton, Charley Barlow, and best of all as "Black Bart, the Poet," whose work has had such a depressing effect on Wells, Fargo & Co.'s dividends for the past six years, a brief account of whose career we gave last week, is still the sensation of the hour in California. He lately arrived in San Francisco from Stockton. A local paper, describing the event, says:

If he had been Longfellow he could not have more attention shown him. True, on the train his only escort was Sheriff Thorn, of Calaveras county, but at the ferry slip was a committee consisting of two private detectives. Instead of conducting the poet at once to his room in the city prison, the trio took their friend to a fashionable restaurant and banqueted him for over two hours, regardless of the impatience of his waiting friends at the prison. When they did condescend to let him go to bed fully a score of old acquaintances were waiting for him, all anxious to clasp his hand and condole with him over the severe punishment that an unfeeling court and officers had seen fit to impose on him for his offence. As Bolles, Bolton, Barlow, or Bart passed through the iron gate he stood in the



MARIE GEISTINGER,

GERMANY'S GREAT OPERA BOUFFE SINGER, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

presence first of half a dozen detectives, nearly all of whom had seen him before, while two or three were slightly acquainted with him. A moment later a tall handsome woman, in ele-

gant attire, pushed through the crowd and shook hands with Bart while the tears rolled down her cheeks like rain. "That's his lady," some one whispered as the pair drew

apart and conversed in a low tone. Finally she dried her tears, said "Goodby" in a choking voice and departed, after which Bart was booked as en route to San Quentin and lodged in a cell in the "hole in the wall" portion of the prison. There the reporter visited him, but with very little satisfaction. He did not decline to talk, but did not encourage conversation by volunteering remarks. At last a bystander blurted out:

"Ain't you sorry for what you've done, Mr. Bart?"

"I only wish that one of the balls fired after me from the Copperopolis stage," replied the prisoner, "had been well directed. I laughed at them as they whistled by me then, but now I wish it was an expert who pulled the trigger. No one knows how deeply I feel my disgrace. If the man with the gun had killed me I would have been buried there, and the world would never have known who I was. I had a presentiment that I was going to danger when I saw the stage coming down the hill, but once in the road with my gun at my shoulder my curiosity overcame me, and I felt bound to see what was in that box. So I ordered the driver to throw it down, though I would not have harmed him if he had refused. I was exhausted when I got the box open and could not run very fast, so somehow in my haste to get out of range of the driver's rifle I dropped that tell-tale handkerchief. If I had my usual time to clean up and cover my tracks they never would have caught me, and they never would have found the stuff."

A despatch from Decatur, Ill., says:

"It turns out that this Jesse James of the Pacific coast is none other than one Charles E. Bolles, formerly of Decatur, Ill., quite well known in that vicinity before and during the war, and who at the close of the rebellion mysteriously disappeared. Bolles enlisted in Decatur in company B, 116th Illinois volunteers, was mustered in at Camp Macon in September 1862, as a private, and mustered out as a sergeant, June, 1865. The commission of first lieutenant was offered him, as soon as a vacancy would occur. Capt. Reeksams, of this city, his company commander, says of him: 'He was one of the bravest men in the regiment, and was often commended for gallantry, and on that account received his promotion. He was always at the front in every fight, and was wounded several times. He was a reticent fellow, but was well liked. He was inclined to sport, and played a good game of poker. He must be about 50 years old now. He was short, thick set, and had light hair and a great big mustache and goatee, which, from his name, 'Black Bart,' I presume he kept dyed. He was a perfect specimen of a good soldier and a man of iron nerve.'

Charged with Forgery.

Robert L. Frye, formerly of Plattsburg, Mo., was, on the night of November 28, arrested at the Tremont House, Fort Scott, Kansas, for forging the name of George E. Ford, of Walnut, Mo., to a note of \$75. Ford is a real estate agent and formerly from Plattsburg. Frye was committed to jail.

"No," said the eloping woman, "there isn't the least likelihood that my husband will discover our whereabouts. He's a detective."



NIP AND TUCK BETWEEN MAN AND BEAR.

A LIVELY TUSSLE BETWEEN A COUPLE OF WYOMING RANCHMEN AND TWO BEARS WHICH WAS A PRETTY EVEN FIGHT FOR A WHILE, BUT ENDED IN THE DEFEAT OF THE BRUINS.

"The." Allen.

We this week publish a portrait of "The," Allen, a sporting man of New York who is too well known to need any extended notice at present. He at present keeps the "Bal Mabilie," on Bleecker street near Broadway, which is one of the noted resorts of the city. He has been an active man in all sporting events and has figured successfully as a politician. Allen became noted in Gotham at the time Bill Poole was in his prime, and could handle any man in the country without harness in a rough-and-tumble fight. Allen was taught the butchering business with Bill Poole, and with that once noted character of Gotham he also learned how to protect himself in many of the rows and shooting affrays that he has figured in.

Allen's first experience in New York life was in a great rough-and-tumble fight between John Morrissey and Bill Poole on Amos street dock. He was one of the crowd that helped to overawe Morrissey's gang and allow the great American butcher boy a fair show to trim "Old Smoke," as Morrissey was called at that time. Allen displayed no fear, and when Poole was pounding Morrissey and the latter's friends tried to interfere, Allen was the first to face the pistols and knives that the Morrissey gang flourished. Poole whipped Morrissey at that time, but it cost him his life, for the gang murdered him in Stanwix Hall, some time after.

Allen says Bill Poole was one of the best men in America that he was afraid of no one and that he did not know what the word fear meant. He was killed, but it took more than one man to do the business. In 1859 Allen entered the political field as a standard bearer of a certain element.

It takes a smart and energetic man to run a political machine in a New York ward, and any one who undertakes the responsibility has got to be sharp and shrewd, and possessed of great courage. As a politician Allen was always in hot water and constantly mixed up in rows and shooting affrays. He was always ready to fight with any weapon or in any style.

Old Uncle John Ling, perhaps one of the oldest old sports living, who seconded Yankee Sullivan in 1849, when he fought Tom Hyer, said the other day as "The." Allen was standing at the corner of Bleecker street and Broadway:

"There is poor old Bill Poole's pet. Poole was a good one, so was poor old Jim (meaning Yankee) Sullivan; but there's a bundle of flesh and muscle that's got more nerve and more pluck than any fighter that ever entered the ring. Why he is a darling, boys. I have seen him fight pistols and knives, whip men twice

his size fifty times, and never knocked under. Why," said the noted old sport, "no one ever made him take water, and I knew him when the old gang was living, and some one was being offered up all the time."

Allen, in 1859, had a terrible rough-and-tumble fight with Paugene, a noted New York sporting character, who assisted in the murder of Bill Poole. Allen was in the Senate, in Church

pulled their revolvers, while the O'Donnell and Paugene gang pulled knives and revolvers. A desperate fight followed in which several were shot and cut, and the police had to stop the affray with their night clubs.

Allen became so popular and so notorious that in many instances he was made a mark for the rival political heelers of the opposite faction.

and although it was known that the bride had formerly been deeply attached to another, there was no other supposition but that the happy groom was secure in the possession of his bride's love. The ceremony had been performed, the guests were leaving, and the husband was just about to lead away his wife, when she caught sight of her old lover among the throng. All her old affection returned in an instant, and a most intensely dramatic scene ensued. The young woman left her new husband, and with a cry of joy threw herself into her old lover's arms, at the same time begging him to take her away from the man for whom, though she had just sworn to love him, she declared she had only feelings of hatred. The former lover proved a young Lochinvar, and together they left the place, and, so the report goes, the city as well, leaving the wifeless husband in despair and the household in the greatest consternation, and furnishing a theme for the gossips that will continue to be talked about for weeks to come.

A Son's Vengeance.

The village of Pharsburg, in Union county, Ohio, is in a high state of excitement over the killing of David Teats by Isaac White. White, who is only 28 years old, returned home midnight on Nov. 27, and on entering his home heard a strange voice in his mother's bedroom. He learned at once that a neighbor named David Teats was in bed with his mother, and without any warning he got his revolver and entered the room and shot Teats three times, killing him instantly. Satisfying himself that he had certainly killed him, he departed from Marysville and gave himself up to the authorities. Mrs. White is 55 and has all her life borne an excellent reputation. Teats did not stand very high in the respect of the community, but has been regarded as rather a loose character. Isaac White was a well behaved, industrious young man. He declares that he killed Teats deliberately and does not regret it. Excitement runs high here.

A Hair Breadth Escape.

At a late hour a few nights ago, from certain signs about the cell of Joseph Hussey, an old State prison offender, in Alameda, Cal., jail for burglary, the jailers suspected that

he was up to some game and made a sudden descent upon his cell. A thorough search was made but not a single suspicious circumstance was ascertained. It then occurred to the jailers that they would make an inspection of the outside of the cell. Here their search was rewarded, for under the window of Hussey's cell they found an immense quantity of woman's hair partly plaited into a small cord and connected with the cell by a single hair line.

**"THE" ALLEN,**

ONE OF THE MOST NOTED SPORTING MEN OF NEW YORK.

[Photo by Sarony.]

Deserted at the Altar.

The German people of Kansas City, Mo., are in a state of great excitement over an episode of a decidedly sensational character which occurred at the wedding of two well known young people of that city, both members of prominent German families, the marriage occurring at the residence of the bride's parents on Sunday Nov. 25. The wedding had been quite a brilliant one,

SPORTING NEWS.

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MORE LIGHT SHED ON THE INSIDE LIFE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 34, Out Dec. 1. Price 5 Cents.

TEEMER, the Pittsburg oarsman, is going to remove to St. Louis.

The pedestrians have invaded the Pacific slope, and again spread a mania for long distance pedestrianism.

ENDYMON, blk. s., by Dictator, dam by Morgan's Eagle, has been sold to John Splan by Gus Easton for \$10,000.

JOHN HUGHES, the Dangerous Blacksmith, stopped the Irish Giant from Flushing, at Harry Hill's theatre on the 22d ult.

JERRY MURPHY and Jimmy Kelly, the pugilists, are in the West giving boxing exhibitions, and are meeting with big success.

ARTICLES have been signed for a hard glove fight between Jack Connelly and Marcellus Baker, to take place inside three weeks.

P. J. GRIFFIN and Michael Harrigan are matched to wrestle collar-and-elbow style for \$250 a side, in East Boston, Mass., Dec. 21.

JOHN KEEN denies he refused to arrange a match with John S. Prince. He claims Prince wanted to put up worthless checks for stakes.

FRED DAVIS and his backers recently downed the sporting men at Boston, by being defeated in a footrace. He ran under the name of Raymond.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, of Philadelphia, has issued a challenge to match his dog Jack to run against any dog in the world for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side.

IT is said that George W. Hamilton, in a standing jump, covered 14 feet in a private trial at St. Louis. It is claimed Hamilton used 15-pound dumb bells.

DR. L. HERR has bought of Mr. Kilpatrick, New York, the chestnut stallion Sir Walter, record 2:25 1/4, by Aberdeen, dam by Edward Everett, price \$10,000.

ADON BUTLER defeated Frank Steele in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match for \$50 a side, best two in three falls, at the Opera House Waukesha, Wis., Nov. 16.

ON the 20th ult., Harry J. Rice, the agent of Jim Mace, was arrested for beating Solomon out of \$4,000 in playing cards. He returned the money and was released.

CAPT. JAS. H. DALTON, the noted boxer, has opened the "Police Gazette" Shades at No. 59 S. Desplaines street, Chicago. Dalton had a grand opening on the 27th ult.

NO prize fight has been arranged between Jimmy Murray and Jack Dempsey. The latter wants to fight according to London prize ring rules, while Murray insists on fighting Queensberry rules.

WHISTLER has challenged Muldoon to wrestle again. It will be remembered that in the last contest with Muldoon, Whistler claimed his collar bone was broken, but he bagged half the gate money, which was \$200.

IF one or two of the English short distance walkers would pay a visit to this country, and walk McRae, they would find their trip a profitable one, if they could succeed in beating the American champion.

HARRY HOWE, the well known sporting man of the Bowery, has opened Dramatic Garden, 46 and 48 East Houston street, New York. He has put in a stage, engaged a company and gives a great show every night.

JAMES GILLESPIE, of Bangor, Me., writes to Richard K. Fox that Coburn, Pendergast, Rooker, or Flood, or any heavyweight, will visit Bangor and box Jerry Murphy four rounds, they can be accommodated with a match.

RECENTLY Mike Cleary and Florrie Barnett, the heavyweight pugilists, had a set-to of three rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules, at Mike Cleary's, 270 Bowery. Barnett was not knocked out in the third round, as reported.

PETE MAGUIRE, the well known pugilist, was tendered a benefit at Singleton Hall, Long Island City, on the 21st inst. Dan Custy and Jim Smith had a set-to, the police came in and stopped the exhibition and cleared the hall.

A COCK fight, which lasted thirty-six minutes, was fought in the hall of Harvard University on the 22d ult. The fight was decided right under the noses of the faculty, who could not help smelling feathers and blood flying.

WM. ELLIOTT and George Bubear are arranging a single scull race for the championship of England and £200 a side. Bubear wants to row on the Thames, while Elliott prefers the Tyne. It is evident that a race will be arranged.

A BOY at Georgetown, Del., recently won a wager by eating an A No. 1 mackerel just taken from the brine keg. The fish measured 14x17 inches, and almost a gallon of water was required to allay the boy's thirst after he had eaten it.

THE report that Hanlan is matched with Trickett is not true. Hanlan rowed a practice pull with Austin Stevenson, at San Francisco, on the 29th. It will only be a practice pull for Hanlan to beat Stevenson, no matter how fast he may be.

C. A. C. SMITH, the well known colored pugilist, in conjunction with B. J. Jackson, have opened a first class sporting house and gymnasium corner of German and Nass streets, East Saginaw. Hadley and Smith give boxing exhibitions every night.

MULDOON, the "self-styled" champion wrestler, is engaged at Emerson's theatre, San Francisco, Cal., giving living representations of Greco-Roman statuary. The hippodroming business has evidently been played out there as well as in New York.

MR. SCHOFF, backer of Wm. Elliott, in response to a cablegram from the latter, sailed from Boston, Mass., Nov. 21, for England, taking with him Elliott's new Ruddock built shell and a pair of brand new

Donahue made sculls. "Bill" has probably made a match.

FRANK ARCHER, up to Nov. 8, had 591 mounts; lost 372 and won 219 races, again heading the list of the 32 leading English jockeys. C. Wood won 178, had 578 mounts; G. Fordham had 260 mounts, and won 78 races. Archer, Wood and Fordham lead all the other jockeys.

A CLUBSWINGING match for a POLICE GAZETTE medal will take place at Mike Heuman's National theatre, Bowery, New York, on Dec. 6. The principals are Joseph D. Harris and Al. Hoefer, two well known amateurs, who are to decide the amateur championship.

At the recent International swimming races at Berlin, Prussia, one mile was swum in 4m and 3s, and the winner of the under water contest covered 133 feet. In the Hercules diving competition the winner lifted a total of 83 pounds, having remained under water 1m and 21s.

JOE FOWLER and Tommy Barnes were specially engaged to give a sparring entertainment at Ed. Dillon's "Police Gazette" Shades, Flushing, on the Hudson, on Thanksgiving Day. The house was packed, and the clever featherweights received a most enthusiastic reception.

FRANK WHITTAKER, the famous M. C. whose stentorian voice has been heard by thousands in the numerous sparring and athletic exhibitions, has returned from the West. He looks well and is ready for business as master of ceremonies at all exhibitions. Give the veteran a chance.

In the racing race at Fort Worth, Texas, on the 22d ult., between Richball, Fuller and Westmount, the latter won in straight heats. Time—2:19, 2:19%, 2:18. A very large sum of money was bet on the race, and the result is astonishing. Pools sold at \$75 on Richball and \$10 for the field.

THE silver cup of Ross and Plaisted's boxing tournament, in Pittsburg, was won by a young boxer named Larry Ackerman. He is an iron moulder and barely 18. He is a pupil of Jimmy Weeden's and gives great promise as a middleweight. Ed. Thomas is to be matched against him for \$500.

VANDERBILT has put his foot down, and asserts that under no consideration will he rent Madison Square Garden for a six-day walking match for a less sum than \$10,000. This settles the Rowell and Fitzgerald race, for with that amount paid for the Garden the affair would be a failure.

PROF STUBBS refuses to arrange a bona fide match with either Dr. Carver or A. H. Bogardus. He agreed to shoot a match with them if they would divide the gate receipts, but as Stubbs would not be any attraction, and probably not draw a corporal's guard, they refused to make money for Stubbs.

M. H. HOUGH, of Pittsburg, and James Graham, of Steubenville, ran 125 yards for \$600 on Nov. 19, at Mansfield, Pa. Graham won by a foot, in 14s. About \$1,500 changed hands. Hough wants to make another match for 100 yards, for \$300 or \$500 a side. He claims that the 125 yards were too far for him.

A 100-YARD footrace for \$200 a side, between John E. Farr, of Hyde Park, and Frank McDonald, of Pittston, was decided at the Driving Park, Scranton, Pa., on Nov. 22. Farr won easily, his opponent giving up before the finish. Time, 11 1/2s. The track was in bad condition, which partly accounts for the slow time made.

THERE are rumors afloat in England of several wonders to be included in the Australian team that will visit England in 1884, and the majority of those who formed the late English team that visited the antipodes are of the opinion that the Australian bowler, Cooper, will be an exceedingly difficult bowler to play.

WILLIAM BECKWITH, the champion English swimmer, and J. Finney are matched to swim three races, one, two and five miles, each race to be for \$50 a side, making \$3,000 in all. The contests are to take place respectively on December 17, 19 and 22. Beckwith will have the choice of naming the baths in which the races will be decided.

PIERRE LORILLARD has not made a single entry in any of the great English events of '84 and '85, so his campaign will end with his horses now in training over there. Mr. J. R. Keene has entered Blue Grass, the Cremona-Rustic Queen colt, King Alton-Janet colt, and Mr. T. F. Walton, a colt by Reverberation-Lady Blanche in a number of races at Newmarket and Ascot.

THIEBAUD BAUER, the celebrated Greco-Roman wrestler, has got a backer who is anxious to match him against William Muldoon for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, Greco-Roman style, best two in three falls. He will allow Muldoon \$300 expenses to wrestle in New York, or will take that amount and meet him in California.

JAMES KELLY, formerly of Denver, Col., has bought out the Union House saloon, No. 202 South Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind., and has named it the "Police Gazette" Rules. We wish him the same success he had in Denver, and we are confident the sporting men of Indianapolis will find him a square, straightforward man.

THE "Police Gazette" rifle team, Frank E. Butler and Annie E. Oakley, made a grand hit in their great feats with the rifle at Congress theatre, Richmond, Ind., on the 19th of November. Their sketch entitled "Our Ranche," in which they introduce songs, changes and their great trick dog "George," is a whole show in itself.

RALPH WALFENDALE was defeated by John O'Grady in a Lancashire wrestling match for a purse, best two in three falls, at Kass & Plaisted's sporting house, Pittston, Pa., Nov. 21. O'Grady won the first fall in six minutes and the second in four, and he now wants to back himself against any one in Allegheny county, at 133 lbs, for \$500 a side.

THE representatives of the Dwyer Brothers' stables have won forty-eight races and \$132,300 in money. Of this amount Miss Woodford has won \$52,085; George Kinney, \$39,015; Barnes, \$17,945; Bootjack, \$9,610; Burton, \$7,775; Wandering, \$2,350; Ecuador, \$1,330; Hartford, \$1,360; King Fan, \$475; Carley B., \$175; and Greenbush, \$100.

DAN O'LEARY and Frank Hart defeated Chas. A. Harriman and Peter McIntyre in a six days go-as-you-please contest, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., which concluded on Nov. 24. Score: O'Leary and Hart, .975 miles; Harriman and McIntyre, .968 miles. The winners received two-thirds of the gate receipts, and the losers one-third.

IN England articles have been signed between W. Winstanley, alias "Soap," of Platt Bridge, and Tom Connor of Shaw, to wrestle the best of three back falls in the Lancashire style for £25 a side, neither man to exceed 7 score 5 lb. The event is fixed for the 8th of December, and the Higginshaw Grounds, Oldham, has been selected as the place of meeting.

THE walking match at Bellows Falls, Vt., was a curious affair. H. M. Ingham, of Bellows Falls, and

Hop Rice, of Rutland, son of Christopher Rice, agreed to walk eight miles. Ingham ran for several laps, and the judges put him back instead of disqualifying him. The referee did not appear to understand the rules, for he declared Ingham the winner, although Rice should have received the stakes.

W. L. BEAUDRY recently returned from Chicago to his home in Manotick village, near Ottawa, Canada. On Nov. 16 he fought a prize fight for \$50 a side with W. C. Clarke, of the same place. In the eighth round Beaudry broke Clarke's right arm, near the shoulder. After the fight a general row occurred at the Davidson hotel. Pistol shots were fired, and many persons were wounded.

PADDY RYAN, who is matched to meet Sullivan, the retired champion, and under the management of Chas. E. Davies, will go on a grand sparring tour prior to starting for the Pacific Coast. After giving an exhibition in Chicago the Paddy Ryan "Police Gazette" Combination will go to Pittsburg, Wheeling, Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, then to San Francisco.

AT Hartford, Conn., on the 23d ult., Tommy Houlihan and Alf Collins fought for a purse. The "Police Gazette" rules governed the contest. After fighting three rounds Collins was up, and Houlihan was declared the winner. Houlihan was seconded by Prof. Todd, of Hartford, Collins by J. Devenne, of Hartford; referee, John Bratten, of Baltimore, Md.; timekeeper, John F. Flynn, of Hartford.

CUSHION carroms continue to grow in popularity, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain New York sporting paper to kill it. In New York the game was never so popular as it is at present. It is really the only game wherein players are equalized. The two amateur tournaments proposed will both be at this style of billiards. Take seven out of every ten rooms and the popular vote will be in favor of cushion carroms.

BILLIARD matches have been arranged between Randolph Heiser, of this city, and Edward McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, for \$250 a side. The first game will be the all-rail nursing game, 1,000 points up, to be played on Dec. 12. The second game, to be played on Jan. 17, will be the balk-line game, 600 points up. The third game, on Feb. 14, will be the champion's game. The games will be played in Philadelphia.

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MEDVINE THOMPSON, the Batavia, N. Y., athlete, is making sad havoc with the farmers in Canada, who wager sums from \$100 to \$200 that their teams can pull him away from a ladder.

THE Harvard College athletic committee will not allow them to play any more football games. The result is that Harvard undergraduates will indulge in dog and cock fighting.

MISS THERESA JOHNSON, who recently won the ladies' mile swimming championship of England, has been matched to swim Miss Alice Beckwith the distance for a good stake. Peter Johnson, Theresa's father, will match her to swim any lady in the world one mile for \$500 to \$5,000. He will also match her to swim Marquis Bibbero a mile.

One of the features of the present season in England is that Judge Clark has not once hoisted "13" as the winning number. At Newmarket on the 24th ult., Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Pontiac was "13" on the cards for the New Nursery Stakes, and, although he was supposed to be good for that race, many refused to go back on him on account of the number. Pontiac finished third.

On the 24th ult., at Longmont, Colorado, Jack Dougherty and Dr. Stratley, two well known sporting men, went half a mile beyond the city limits and fought. Dougherty whipped Dr. Stratley in a few minutes. The doctor went back to town, and said he would pay \$25 to any man who would whip Dougherty. E. T. Sawdy accepted the offer and attacked Dougherty, who drew a knife and cut him all to pieces. Sawdy only lived three-quarters of an hour after being slashed by Dougherty's knife.

At Philadelphia, on the 24th ult., there was a desperate dog fight between Duf's bull terrier Traveler and O'Neill's bull terrier Major, on the outskirts of the city. Both dogs are owned in that city, and the fight was for \$100. A great deal of money changed hands on the fight. The battle took place in a barn, where a pit was improvised for the benefit of sixteen spectators. The dogs were frightfully lacerated. Major was finally declared the winner. The decision resulted in a general row, and the bruisers fought each other like the bulldogs that had fought in the pit.

THE football players of Harvard College are indignant at the arbitrary action taken by the College Athletic Committee of Harvard, in prohibiting any more football games this season by the Harvard teams. The committee in their letter urge that the existing rules of the Intercollegiate Association "allow of no other inference than that the manly spirit of fair play is not expected to govern the conduct of all players, but that, on the contrary, the spirit of sharpers and of roughs has to be guarded against. The committee believe that the games hotly played under these rules have already begun to degenerate from a manly, if rough, sport into brutal and dangerous contests." The effect will be damaging to football interests at Harvard, as it prevents a satisfactory conclusion to the championship season. Yale defeated Princeton, and the failure of Harvard to play Yale leaves the championship unsettled.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred trouble, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

"IN 1870 SCROFULOUS

Ulcers broke out on my body until my breast was one mass of corruption. Some of these Ulcers were not less than one and one-half inches in diameter, the edges rough, ragged, and seemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with offensive matter. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. Gradually the bone itself became diseased, and then the suffering began in earnest. Bone Ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on the surface. It became a mere wreck. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of extreme soreness. Could not turn around. Knew not what it was to be an hour even free from pain. Had reason to look upon life itself as a curse. In the summer of 1880, after ten years of this wretched existence, I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after two years' persistent use of them the last Ulcer had healed. The dread disease has succumbed. All over the breast, where was once a mass of corruption is now a healthy skin. My weight has increased from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and the good work is still going on. I feel myself a new man, and all through the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

JAMES E. RICHARDSON,
Custom House, New Orleans."

Sworn to before United States Commissioner J. D. CRAWFORD.

AMUSEMENTS.

Harry Howe's Dramatic Garden, 46 & 49 East Houston St., New York. A great show, with new and startling attractions every night.

PERSONAL.

JOHN J. PARKER.

If this meets the eye of John J. Parker it will inform him that his father is dead, and that Chas. A. Moody, who was the residuary legatee of the estate, would like to hear from him, as there will be something coming to him when the estate is finally settled.

PATENTS.

COPY-RIGHTS, DESIGN, REISSUES.

TRADE-MARKS, PRINTS, LABELS. PATENTS. Describe your Invention. L. BINGHAM, Pat. Lawyer and Solicitor, Washington, D. C. 40-p. Book free.

HENRY COLLEGE LOTTERY

Regular Monthly Drawings have always taken place on the Last Thursday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Masonic Temple Building, in Louisville, Ky.

A Lawful Lottery and Fair Drawings, chartered by the Legislature of Ky., and twice declared legal by the highest Court in the State. Bond was given to Henry County in the sum of \$100,000 for the prompt payment of all prizes sold. Every ticket holder his own supervisor called out the number on his ticket, and saw the corresponding number on the tag placed in the wheel in his price.

1 Prize, \$30,000. 20 Prizes \$500 each \$10,000. 1 Prize, 10,000. 100 Prizes 100 each 10,000. 1 Prize, 5,000. 200 Prizes 50 each 10,000. 2 Prizes, \$2,500 each, 5,000. 500 Prizes 20 each 10,000. 5 Prizes, 1,000 each, 5,000. 100 Prizes 10 each 10,000. 9 Prizes, 300 each, Approximation Prizes, 2,700. 9 Prizes, 200 each, " 1,800. 9 Prizes, 100 each, " 900.

\$10,400.

Whole tickets were \$2. Half tickets were \$1. Remittances of Money or Postal Notes or Bank Draft were made in Letter or by Express, and not by Registered Letter or Post Office Order. Orders of \$5 and upward by Express were sent at their expense. All orders have been addressed to J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Truth Stronger Than Slander. The Record of The Past Year.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company during the year ending November, 1888, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 19, 1882.

Sallie F. Kingsley, 1723 Master st., Philadelphia, 10,000. Thos. F. Bell, 228 E. 5th st., South Boston, Mass., 10,000. Hammer S. French, 12 W. Court st., Cincinnati, 10,000. John T. Garvin, 26 Willard Place st., South End, Boston, Mass., 10,000. F. Bollhagen, 711 Pine st., St. Louis, Mo., 5,000. L. Shelton, collected through Kentucky National Bank, 5,000.

Mrs. Harriet Woodman, Vesper, N.Y., 4,000. Paid Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal., 4,000.

Underwood Fisher, collected through 1st National Bank, Three Rivers, Mich., 4,000.

Geo. C. & D. Ayres, Danville, Va., 2,000.

DRAWING OF JANUARY 9, 1883.

Alvin Kinsler, Odessa, Mo., 75,000. Augustine Lopez, 98 Baronne st., New Orleans, La., 5,000. E. Tagliapetra, 122 Canal st., New Orleans, La., 5,000. H. E. Stebbins, Louisville, Pa., collected through Pennsylvania Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1,200.

N. B. Apple, Omaha, Neb., 1,200.

J. B. Ketchum, 632 Broadway, N.Y., 1,200.

Paid Union and Planters' Bank, Memphis, Tenn., 1,200.

DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

Chas. Riggs, Jr., Maysville, Ala., collected through W. R. Rison & Co., Huntsville, Ala., 15,000. Crittenden T. Collings, Second National Bank, Louisville, Ky., 15,000.

Paid National Metropolitan Bank, Washington, D. C., 5,000.

George Kohler, Zaleski, Ohio, collected through First National Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio, 5,000.

Samuel Cook, 1508 Tenth st., N. W., Washington, D. C., 2,000.

Geo. E. Harris, Surgeon-General's office, Washington, D. C., 2,000.

L. R. Davis, 550 Burgundy st., New Orleans, La., 2,000.

Henry Mendel, collected through Seasongood, Sons & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2,400.

G. Zeiss, Philadelphia, Pa., 1,200.

Paid Nodaway Valley Bank, Maryville, Mo., 1,200.

DRAWING OF MARCH 13, 1883.

J. Allen Schaeffer, Allentown, Pa., 15,000.

J. D. Deyer, Handsons Depot, Southampton Co., Va., 15,000.

F. E. Callender S. Paul, Minn., collected through National Bank of St. Paul, 15,000.

John Shipley, Morristown, Tenn., 15,000.

Israel Brown, Ocala, Fla., 5,000.

O. Allan Pierce, 188 Canal st., New Orleans, La., 5,000.

Paid International Bank, Chicago, Ill., 2,000.

B. A. Hathaway, Chicago, Ill., 2,000.

Jacob F. Jackson, Worcester, Mass., 2,000.

George White, Kenosha, La., 1,200.

Prof. C. Spill, 12 Hopkins st., Cincinnati, 1,200.

George H. Persons, Mount Lookout, Ohio, 1,200.

W. B. Cord, Amelia, Ohio, 1,200.

Jno. Francisco, Washington, D. C., 1,200.

W. H. St. Clair, Washington, D. C., 1,200.

DRAWING OF APRIL 13, 1883.

Michael Connolly, Troy, N.Y., 25,000.

Henry M. Klessing, 158 Dearborn st., Chicago, 15,000.

Anatole Tricot, Vermillion, La., 15,000.

James R. Day, Malta Bend, Saline Co., Mo., 2,400.

Edwin T. Eisenberg, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., 2,000.

H. H. Harper, St. George's Collefon Co., S. C., 2,000.

Wm. H. Hampton, Tracy City, Franklin Co., Tenn., 2,000.

DRAWING OF MAY 8, 1883.

Don Antonio Martinez Perez, Havana, Cuba, collected through Messrs. Moses Taylor & Co., New York City, 30,000.

Paid Messrs. C. B. Richard & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, 2,400.

James M. McMillan, Caldwell, Texas, 2,000.

Sam Jones, Los Angeles, Cal., 2,000.

P. Schumacker, Allentown, Pa., 2,000.

J. F. Albert, 614 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo., 1,200.

Henry Ehrenhardt, S. W. cor. 10th & Market sts., St. Louis, Mo., 1,200.

DRAWING OF JUNE 12, 1883.

James Demorelle, Trene st., New Orleans, La., 75,000.

Gustave Rosenthal, Raleigh, N.C., 15,000.

Paid L. F. Servary, bookkeeper State National Bank, New Orleans, for account Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn., 10,000.

Frank Brown, Eastport, N.Y., 10,000.

H. N. Plessance, Cleveland, Ohio, 5,000.

James J. Walsh, 129 Varick st., New York, 5,000.

F. W. Faris, Pasadena, Cal., collected through Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Calif., 2,000.

G. T. Kimberlin, Texas, Washington Co., Ky., 2,000.

collected through First National Bank, Springfield, Ky., 1,000.

DRAWING OF JULY 10, 1883.

Lieut. Josiah Chance, 17th Infantry, Fort Lincoln, Dakota, 30,000.

Gu. Botto, Opera saloon, Cairo, Ill., and A. B. Gibson, conductor Cairo Division Wabash, Ill., 15,000.

Louis & Pacific R. R., Carmi, Ill., 15,000.

A. T. De Baun, Cairo, Ill., 15,000.

Chas. D. Thompson, 32 E. 14th st., N. Y., 10,000.

Theodore Voigt, 25 Avery st., Boston, Mass., 5,000.

J. T. Moore, Burgin, Mercer Co., Ky., 5,000.

H. Evert, 423 N. Clark st., Chicago, Ill., 1,200.

E. P. Lobach, 416 N. 7th st., Philadelphia, Pa., 1,200.

M. Dilrichtstein, 3 Chambers st., New York City, collected through Germania Bank, New York, 1,200.

DRAWING OF AUGUST 14, 1883.

W. T. Muse, Rocky Mount, N.C., 15,000.

Rev. Moses Zerovich, 34½ S. Canal st., Chicago, 15,000.

Jack Graves, Stockton Engine No. 4, Nashville, Tenn., 15,000.

Gussevian, French Machine Works, 35 & 40 Monroe st., Chicago, Ill., 5,000.

Sam Selig and J. M. Littlehale, Selma, Ala., 5,000.

Wm. E. Oates, C. Willis, A. A. Prescott and Robt. Payne, collected through Vicksburg Bank of Mississippi, 2,400.

L. V. Vondersmith, 229 Locust st., Phila., Pa., 1,200.

DRAWING OF SEPTEMBER 11, 1883.



MODERN CRIME-WORSHIP.

HOW MURDER BECOMES A VIRTUE AND MISFORTUNE A MISDEED.—TWO SUGGESTIVE TABLEAUS WHICH EVERY JAIL IN THE COUNTRY HAS
SEEN ENACTED.